THIS WEEK'S SILVER PRINT: MISS ANN HARDING.

1/-

The Sketch

First Thing Every Morning

KUTNOW'S

EFFERVESCENT SALINE

POWDER

For Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Uric Acid, etc.

McCallum's

Perfection

Scots Whisky

"SCOTLAND'S BEST"

THE WORLD CONSULTS ARDENTE ON DEAFNESS!

MR R.H. DENT'S Ardente FOR DEAF EARS

THE WORLD'S GREATEST HEARING SERVICE

Call or Write for Free Test.

NO CONSULTATION FEE.

Ask for "Medical Commendations."

Copyright.

The world was never so "sound minded" as to-day, with Radio, Telephones, Talkies, Gramophones, nor deafness so prevalent. Thousands have overcome their handicap with the new ACOUDETTE "ARDENTE."

Middle Ear (Catarrh) Nerve (Head Noises), Slightly (hard-of hearing) or Very (so called "Stone") deaf in young or old, and even cases hitherto regarded as hopeless now benefiting.

No matter what you have tried, with whatever result, you will greet this marvellous super-sound, tone-sense-renewing method as the find of your life and its joy for indoor and outdoor.

(Suite 20), **309,** OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1.

(Look for coloured building & square clock.) Mayfair 1380/1718.

Service Bureaux throughout the Country.

THE SPIRIT OF A GREAT RACE

"LONG JOHN"

MATURED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND

FINEST OF ALL

SCOTCH WHISKIES

LONG JOHN DISTILLERIES LTD GLASGOW & LONDON

An effective remedy for liver attacks and constipation

"APENTA"

NATURAL APERIENT WATER

Obtainable from all Chemists.

Nerve pains and Rheumatism quickly yield to

GENASPRIN

THE SAFE BRAND

TURNBERRY

ON THE AYRSHIRE COAST

HOTEL

Open all the year. For particulars and tariff apply Central Bureau (Dept. F.C.22), Midland Grand Hotel, St. Pancras, London, N.W.1. Express Services from London and the principal Provincial Towns served by the L M S.

GOLF TENNIS SWIMMING

Arthur Towle. Controller. L M S Hotel Services.

PRICE ONE SHILLING; BY INLAND POST, 1/1½
Canada and Newfoundland 1½d; Foreign 3d.

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN AND REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS.

CHANNEL ISLANDS.

Guernsey.—Hotel Houmet du Nord.—Fcg. Sea. Full licence. Close famous golf links. Colonials specially catered for. Apply illus. brochure.

Guernsey.—Moore's Queen's Hotel.—Fully licensed. With H. & C. running water. Central. Gns. 3 to end June. 4 Gns. summer. A.A.

Guernsey.—Hotel de Normandie.—The premier residential hotel. Lovely garden. 2 minutes from sea. Anglo-Swiss cuisine.

Jersey.—Royal Yacht Hotel.—Lift all floors. H. & C. running water all rooms. Overlooking sea. Jersey's luxury hotel.

FRANCE.

Monte Carlo.—Hotel Terminus Palace.—Op. Casino Gardens. Beach. 1st cl. Pension from Frs. 50; with bath, Frs. 60. Suite, Frs. 75.

Nice.—Atlantic Hotel.—First-class, 200 rooms. Own Gar. with lock-ups. Attr. tms. Annexe: Hôtel Adelphi, rms. fr. Fs. 25. Entir. renov.

GERMANY.

Bad Ems.—State Hotels Kurhaus and Römerbad.—The two leading hotels, same management. All comfort. Pen. fr. RM. 9 50.

Baden-Baden.—" Bellevue."—The well-known family hotel in 5 acres own park. Most reasonable rates.

Baden-Baden. — Hotel Zähringerhof. — 130 beds. Pension from RM. 8—or with private thermal bath from RM. 10.

Bad Nauheim.—" Der Kaiserhof."—First-class hotel. Large garden fcg. baths and Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bathrooms. Pension fr. RM. 11.

Coblence.—Koblenzer Hof.—The leading hotel. Wonderful site facing Rhein. Garage. Rooms from RM. 4, with pension RM. 9.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The leading Hotel. World renowned. Unique position on the River. G'n-P'k, Ter's, Gar. Man. Dir., R. Bretschneider.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perft. Htl. bldng. Select home of intern. Soc. and Arist'cy. Mangd. by M. Hartung, Council of Com.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—(1st Cl.) family hotel—300 beds—medical bath in the Hotel—Golf—Tennis—Garage—Pen. fr. Mk. 8.

Wiesbaden—Palast - Hotel. — First - class hotel opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath—establishment. Pension fr. RM. 10.

Wiesbaden. — Hotel Rose.—World - renowned Hotel. Patronised by H.R.H. Prince of Wales. Pension from 11 Marks.

Wildbad.—Hotel Quellenhof.—A famous hotel in a famous spa. Thermal baths. Trout-fishing. Otto Busch, Manager.

ITALY.

Menaggio.—Victoria Hotel.—(1st cl.) Golf (18). Tennis. Bowling. On lake shores away fr. mn. rd. Guests mstly. Brit. Pen. 40-60 Lr. (13/6 to 18/6)

SICILY.

Palermo.—Villa Igiea.—On the Sea Front—Large Park—Golf Links—Tennis—Orchestra. Pension from 75 Lire.

Taormina.—San Domenico Palace.—Alone of its kind—Former Dominican Monastery of the 14th Century. Pension from 75 Lire.

SWITZERLAND.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine. Diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £5. 0. 0.

Lausanne Palace—Beau-Site Hotels.—De luxe at reasonable rates. Excellent cuisine. Nicest position. Park, garage, private tennis, golf.

Lucerne. — Carlton Hotel. — First - class at reasonable rates. Finest situation on lake. Park. Tennis. Garage.

Vevey.—Grand Hotel de Vevey.—Large park with direct access to lake. Own beach—2 tennis—boating. Incl. rate (pension) with bath £1.

Vevey.— Parkhotel mooser. — Great comfort. Terrace overlooking lake. Pension francs 12.50 upwards. Ch. Hauser.

This supreme corsetry ensures those natural figure "lines" demanded by to-day's vogue!

Court Royal signifies perfect foundation garments for fashionable gowns and frocks.

ALL THE LEADING STORES STOCK COURT ROYAL MODELS, BUT IF YOU HAVE ANY DIFFICULTY WRITE FOR AN ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE AND THE ADDRESS OF THE NEAREST DISTRIBUTOR

FL 442.—A hip-confining model in Pink broche. Elastic round the waist and inset of elastic at the back giving comfortable fitting. The back panel is firmly boned. Up to 36 in. waist - - - - 26/6

CHARLES BAYER & CO. (1931), LTD. (DEPT. S), 296, Regent St., W.1

(Wholesale only.)

"VANTELLA" SPECIAL FEATURES

"Van Heusen" semi-stiff curve woven cuffs • "Van Heusen" curve woven collars to match always obtainable • "Van Heusen" unshrinkable curve neck-band • Non-shrinking body cloth • Finest workmanship and cut.

ZEPHYR 9/3 SHIRTS BY POPLIN 10/6 DE LUXE

VANTELLA Collars to match by VAN HEUSEN 1/3

From all good outfitters. Apply for pattern folder showing the 38 designs.

Φ7

COTELLA LTD., 72/73, FORE ST., LONDON, E.C.2

Advertisers would appreciate your mentioning THE SKETCH *when replying to their announcements.*

BE TALLER! CLIENTS GAIN 2 to 6 INCHES!

Increased my own height to 6ft. 3¾in. ROSS SYSTEM NEVER FAILS. Fee £2. 2s Particulars mailed privately 2½d. stamp. S. K. MALCOLM ROSS, Height Specialist, Scarborough, England. (*P.O. Box 15*)

How to Dress Well

on small payments that pass unnoticed in your monthly expenditure.

Open a Credit Account with Smartwear.

No deposit, no References required, even from non-householders. Write for Ladies' beautifully illustrated catalogue to

Smartwear Ltd

263-271 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.

Phone Mayfair 6241-6.

And at Brighton, Birmingham, Belfast.

Looking Old?

When a man loses his hair . . . he's labelled old . . . A CHAVENTRE TOUPET keeps the appearance in line with health and vigour . . . . and is absolutely undetectable.

Write for Booklet 14 or call:

289 Oxford Street LONDON, W.1.

THE ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL

St Leonards-on-Sea. **'Phone: 869.**

The sunniest, sheltered corner of the glorious Sussex coast to speed the convalescent to health . . . . . And an hotel conspiring with the climate to give you every conceivable comfort and aid, managed so that everyone has the enjoyment and quiet of a luxurious private house. Central and electric heating. Hot and cold water to all rooms. Excellent cuisine. ***Inclusive service from 4½ gns.***

CONRI TAIT L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M., AND HIS DANCE **ORCHESTRAS**

Previous engagements include :—

32 ENGLISH HUNT BALLS, 3 SCOTTISH and 4 IRISH.

Telephone Telegrams 25878. *Particulars,* THE MANAGER, 11, BRUNSWICK STREET, SHEFFIELD, 10.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SKETCH" PAYABLE IN ADVANCE

1934.

INLAND.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £3 3s. 3d.
Six Months, £1 10/6 (including Christmas Number, £1 12/10)
Three Months, 15/3 (or including Christmas Number, 17s. 8d.)

CANADA.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £3 0s. 11d.
Six Months, £1 9/3 (or with Christmas Number £1 11s 8d).
Three Months, 14s. 7d. (or with Christmas Number, 17s.)

ELSEWHERE ABROAD.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £3 12s. 4d.
Six Months, £1 15s. (including Christmas Number, £1 17.6)
Three Months, 17s. 6d. (or including Christmas Number £1 0s. 0d.)

Remittances may be made by cheque, payable to *The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd.* and crossed "The National Provincial Bank, Ltd.," and by Postal and Money Orders payable at the East Strand Post Office to *The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd.*, of 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

The Sketch

No. 2153.—Vol. CLXVI. WEDNESDAY, MAY 2, 1934. ONE SHILLING.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER NORTH.

LADY BRIDGET PARSONS AS A "CHATTERING LADY."

Lady Bridget Parsons, sister of the Earl of Rosse, will wear this eighteenth-century costume when she appears in the Pageant of Parliament at the Albert Hall (from June 29 to July 21). The episode in which she will be seen is called "Ladies in the House—1749." The fair visitors overcrowded the Gallery and made eyes at the Speaker. Some of the Members gave up their seats in the House. An old Admiral was speaking and suddenly noticed that he was almost alone, save for the "Chattering Ladies." "I spy strangers!" he shouted. As the ladies refused to leave, they were carried out!

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER NORTH.

MISS MARION MARLING
AND MR. GEOFFREY NARES AS ELIZABETHANS.

MISS MARION MARLING, daughter of the late Sir Charles Marling and sister of the Hon. Mrs. "Taffy" Rodd; and MR. GEOFFREY NARES, son of Mr. Owen Nares, the actor, are appearing as Elizabethans in the scene set at Tilbury when crowds are gathered together to await the news of the Armada, in the Pageant of Parliament.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER NORTH.

THE HON. MRS. "TAFFY" RODD AS A DANISH AMBASSADRESS.

The Hon. Mrs. Gustaf Guthrie ("Taffy") Rodd takes the part of the Danish Ambassadress in the Pageant of Parliament. The scene in which she appears represents King James I. and his Queen, Anne of Denmark, and their Court on the frozen Thames during the Great Frost. Mrs. Rodd is the wife of Lord Rennell's youngest son.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

OUTLAWS.

ALL games are tests of character, and there are some, such as golf, which impose a greater strain on average character than seems quite fair or necessary. We have recently had evidence that a game can even threaten the disruption of the Empire, though we all hope and believe that the crisis is now past; and there is no form of pastime which may not arouse either the worst or the best of human passions. One has seen people reveal unsuspected traits of temperament even at tiddly-winks (a very testing game) or up-Jenkins; and there are those whose day is either made or marred by their morning *straf* with a crossword puzzle.

Of all indoor games, I am inclined to think that bridge is the most searching; it should be made a compulsory part of everybody's education. I become more and more convinced that the ideal bridge-player is one of the rarest species in nature; and by the ideal player I do not mean the most accurate or brilliant exponent of any of the innumerable infallible systems, but the person who combines the three requirements of good play, good sense, and good manners.

This combination, in my experience, practically does not exist in the ideal degree; and there are many ways in which we all fall short of it. They are ways which it ought to be quite easy to correct with a moderate amount of self-knowledge, self-reverence, and self-control; but then it ought to be perfectly easy to keep one's head down at golf, and yet it *will* keep on bobbing skywards in spite of years of heroic effort to keep it pointing earthwards.

There is the player who can never hold any cards. He is generally resigned to his fate, but with a bitter and somewhat corrosive resignation. He has not seen an ace or a king for months. He has certain formulæ by which he repeatedly voices his despair. "By Jove!" he says in feigned admiration to his opponents, "you are the most marvellous card-holder I ever saw!" "Ah, well, partner," he says, with a patient, suffering smile, "we did our best, but we can't fight against cards." He is particularly unlucky with his finesses. In his whole experience of bridge, he has never yet known a king to be on the right side. He is a man whom bridge has robbed of all illusions. And he is an unmitigated nuisance at any card-table.

Not that he is without his grievance against fate, for, in spite of all statistics to the contrary, fate is frequently a fifth player in any bridge four, and there *is* such a thing as a run of luck, good or bad. We may all suffer at times from the persistent influence of the late Lord Yarborough. Somehow or other we have got to learn to suffer him gladly, though it is not always easy to retain a sunny smile when he goes on hour after hour dumping all the rubbish of the pack upon us.

I rather think that the gloater is even more difficult to bear patiently than the whiner. There is a type of player who cannot conceal his glee as he routs his opponents by sheer weight of overwhelming cards. The smirk upon his face when he brings off an unexpected ruff is one of the hardest things to bear in this game of many trials. In any game of chance, it is a sound principle to be apologetic rather than triumphant (as befits an undeserving favourite of fortune) when the luck is all on one's side; and it is a sound form of precaution, too, for a terrible Nemesis usually awaits the gloater. I feel strongly that he deserves the worst that Nemesis can do to him: from which you may conclude, not without some semblance of truth, that just lately I have not been holding all the quick tricks. Never mind; there is always the consolation that sixpence has come off the income tax!

While I favour a cheerful loser and, in general, a cheerful player, I pray to be delivered from the breezy player with a rich vein of facetious comment. I know players who have a separate bright remark for every card they play and a separate witty comment for every incident of the game. Every card-room should be provided with muzzles for these pests. There is that cheery-optimist kind of player who insists at frequent intervals that, after all, bridge is only a game, and thinks it a huge joke to revoke or forget what trumps are or go down a couple of thousand above the line. He is the back-to-the-wall, never-know-when-you-are-beaten type whose boast it is to keep the flag flying; but, unfortunately for his partner, it generally turns out at the end of the rubber that if the flag is flying at all, it is at half-mast.

There may be something in the view that bridge is "only a game after all," but even games have their proprieties and their solemnities, as Mrs. Sarah Battle has taught us. And when one reads some of the literature upon bridge, one sometimes doubts whether it really *is* a game; to some experts, it seems to be one of the few major industries which has not suffered from the slump. Not to all of us, however; I have frequently noticed a marked depression in the financial situation after certain sessions of bridge.

To cheat at cards is generally considered to be one of the lowest depths of human depravity; and yet there are a good many respectable, virtuous persons who constantly cheat at bridge, though they would be outraged if they were told so. They would be surprised to learn, but they need to learn, that a look, a pause, an exclamation or a gesture may be just as much a form of cheating as an ace up the sleeve—worse, indeed; for these little tricks are easy forms of dishonesty, whereas few of us possess the necessary training and talent to keep spare aces about us. Perhaps it is just as well, though sometimes one is tempted to wish that one had devoted part of one's education to that useful social accomplishment. I propose to learn it if the quick tricks do not soon show an improvement in pace!

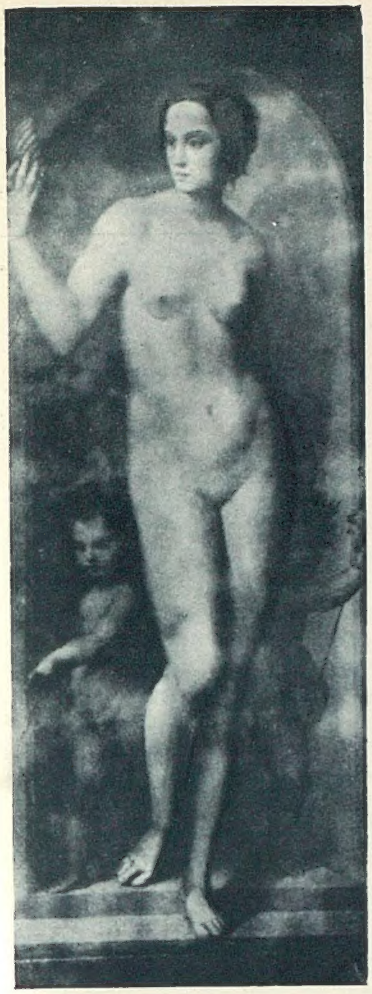
"THE SKETCH" BEAUTY NUMBER—MAY 9; OUR NEXT ISSUE.

Just imagine it: "THE SKETCH" containing only people and things that are beautiful; not an ugly note throughout its pages.

Beauty is in the eye of the beholder, we know. For that reason, our ideas may differ in one or two instances from those of one or two of our readers; but we are confident that few will cavil at our choice.

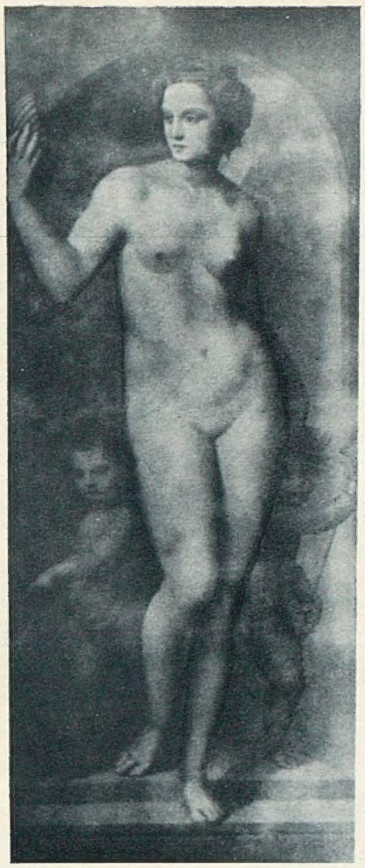
"How can you ban ugliness altogether?" is a question that may be asked. "How can you find enough loveliness to fill a complete issue?" may be another. Well, it is not so difficult.

Nature and Art yield many forms of Beauty. Society provides the loveliest of young Lovelies. The theatre, the kinema, and the picture galleries show beauty in perfection. The pet may have charm, whether it be dog or cat or, even, fish! Is there not harmony in literature as well as in music, grace in sport, line in dress, shapeliness in settings? And, last, but far from least, there are the allurements of dress—and undress.



The Italian Renaissance Ideal. The "Venus" of Franciabigio in the proportions that he painted it.

The massive figure—no longer admired by anyone.



The ideal of the Italian High Baroque.

The ideal of the Early Baroque.

NEXT week's issue of "The Sketch" will be a Beauty Number, containing nothing that is not lovely; but, since we have it on high authority that "Beauty lies in the eye of the beholder," it's as well to realise that we do not all see eye to eye where loveliness of line and form is concerned. The proof of this may be studied on this page. Professor Behn, of the Psychological Institute of Bonn University, has invented a pleasing method of studying the ideals of beauty through the centuries by taking Franciabigio's "Venus" and photographing it on to special "rubber paper" which can be stretched either lengthways or sideways so as to alter the proportions of the figure in accordance with the ideals of beauty of different times.

The El Greco ideal.

The ideal of the Netherlands Baroque period.

The Gothic ideal.

The "Fausse maigre" ideal of modern times.

BEAUTY IN THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER: A "VENUS" VARIED.

LONDON ASIDES.

By PAMELA MURRAY.

WITH summer the air-minded become aggressively so, expecting earthworms to stand and stare of a Saturday afternoon while they circle above this flying club or that. Suffering from cricks in the neck and tepid teas, the watchers show no resistance to pain, as, deafened by the roar of machines, they shout: "Thrilling, my dear! I don't know how you do it!" to the budding pilot, who doesn't know either. They are not always thrilled. Civility demands expression of praise, and convention a display of interest in aeronautics, as in all twentieth-century topics. Because we 're even more conventional than other people, and know from experience that tea at Reading Aero Club is never tepid, the Northesk Challenge Cup Meeting on June 8 will find us cricking in the crowd. The race is for Lady Pilots (are Women Pilots eligible ?), and a fiver goes with the Cup.

The EARL OF INCHCAPE brought his daughter, LADY PATRICIA MACKAY, to the Thornton—Brett wedding. The Countess of Inchcape is a first cousin of the bride.

Amy Johnson lunching with Jim Mollison at Punch's looks thoughtful. She has one of the most interesting heads, with its fine brow and far-sighted eyes, that we have ever seen. Those eyes with a "far-away look," nearly always blue (not the look) are peculiar to long-distance flyers and shepherds. The former search the horizons for continents and the latter for wandering tups.

The Lady Yarrow Junior Figure Skating Championship Trophy was won by MISS JANET MACDONALD. Our group at the Rink in Glasgow shows (l. to r.) LORD GLASGOW, LADY YARROW, LADY MARGARET BOYLE, and MISS JANET MACDONALD.

The finest naval picture ever made is "Morgenrot." What a pity Germany and not England has the honour! Its sad scenes are peace propaganda, and its humour common to all nations. We liked the shot when the submarine commander, having torpedoed a cruiser and nearly been blown up by a depth-charge, takes out his log and mops his brow—"now for the difficult part—making the report." It reminded us of our most inarticulate sailor uncle who, after a naval engagement in 1916, wrote: "On Monday I got five duck and on Tuesday we got the Germans. On Wednesday I shot some teal." The Curzon audience included Lady Howe with Georgiana Curzon, both beautiful; Charles Campbell Emmott, M.P. (whose rather precious but brilliant speeches impress sections of the House, as did the speeches of his grandfather, the then Duke of Argyll), with Mrs. FitzGerald, mother of Irene Mann-Thompson; the Claude Leighs together, and dashing Lord Ratendone with a partner in green feathers. He was among those who laughed long and heartily at a romantic Russian *fantaisie* directed by Eisenstein, whose name is to the cinema what Picasso's is to modern art. The liquid photography and accompanying music had charm, so we reserved our guffaws for Walt Disney.

The Junior Committee of the RUNNYMEDE HISTORICAL COSTUME BALL, which takes place on June 8 at Great Fosters, Egham, met at Mrs. Davis's house in Cadogan Place. Our group shows (l. to r.) Miss Lucy Cohen, Miss Daphne Hancock, Miss Marjorie Graevenitz, Miss Marie Symons-Jeune (Chairman), Miss Peta Davis (hostess), and Miss Susan Henderson; and (behind) Miss Hersey Coke, Miss Leonore Somerville, Mr. Ronald Worlow, Miss Aurea Stewart-Johnston, Miss Diana Van den Bergh, Miss Helen Blane, and Mr. Thomas Marks.

JUST SO. June, to whom the well-worn line "prettier than ever" really applies, seen lunching in a black-and-white diced hat, with Dudley Field Malone (the American lawyer most in demand for *causes célèbres*) and his wife, a tall, slim blonde.

Mrs. ("traffic king's daughter") Barford has another new fur coat, short for summer in summer ermine.

The King and Queen of Siam will stay more than six weeks at Claridge's. They are tennis-conscious.

Débutantes, bored with luncheons where they meet each other, prefer the co-ed spirit at sherry-parties. Mrs. Jack Southey has a sherry for her daughter, Virginia Clark, early this month, at which many new faces should appear. The general opinion is that "No one has come up to Margaret—not even Penelope." We agree.

At the Berkeley a clever Russian-Parisian singer made a success. Evidently commercial Spanish has replaced French in school curriculums, as many young people laughed—not wisely, but well out of turn. Willoughby Norman sat with his *fiancée* and several boy friends. Pretty Peggy Hunter, back from India, where she had the advantage of Mrs. Evan Thomas's chaperonage, looked radiant. Evelyn Laye, with a double escort, looked particularly platinum. The Mrs. Edwardes who has a house in Farm Street, and races, looked *très soignée*. Some of the country girls did not.

At the final gala of the London Ice Club's most successful season since its birth, we enjoyed being slapped on the back (metaphorically, *n'est-ce pas?*) by St. Moritzers, Tyrolers, and even Mürreners. It was sad to see Mrs. J. M. Brown with a leg in plaster and crutches after her three months at St. Moritz. (N.B.—She did it skating, not ski-ing.) Nancye

MRS. T. B. THORNTON (left), mother of the bridegroom, is posed with the HON. MRS. MAURICE BRETT (formerly Miss Zena Dare), mother of the bride, at the Thornton—Brett wedding.

(mind that "e") Barry, quite recovered from a broken leg, dined with Colin Wyatt and Co. Did you know the Cambridge ex-ski-Captain is a considerable artist, and wanders about Central Europe, easel in ruck-sack? Lady Scott brought two little dears in Eton suits. Sir Hugh Dawson tripped about the carpeted passages on skates. He 's the best-looking "giant" in London. Lord Jellicoe skated in "Paul Jones," which always opens the evening to break the ice (smile, please). Lady Katherine Manley and the rest of the instructors excelled previous efforts in a black and white ballet. Expert opinion was divided about

the style of Mrs. Wilson-Samuel, North American Champion. We thought her nervous, and reserve comment. Gwenneth Butler, Elizabeth Baring (Lady Ulrica's lovely daughter), Cecilia Colledge, Mia Macklin, and Audrey Champain were the girls young, and younger, most admired.

This ice business attracts older men;

MISS ANGELA BRETT, elder daughter of Lt.-Col. the Hon. Maurice Brett and the Hon. Mrs. Brett (Miss Zena Dare) married MR. KENNETH THORNTON, younger son of Mrs. T. B. Thornton.

PRINCE ALEXIS MDIVANI and PRINCESS ALEXIS MDIVANI, formerly Miss Barbara Hutton, left Croydon Aerodrome last week for Paris. Their lucky monkey toy travelling companion is posed between them!

Our group illustrates the delights of Madeira, and is a typical scene from the sun-bathing terraces there. Facing the camera, with a cup in her hand, is MISS JESSIE MATTHEWS (Mrs. Sonnie Hale), the stage and screen star, who has been in Madeira on holiday with her husband.

there were scores, all packing up their boots and carrying them home till autumn—a pathetic little scene. In the gallery we watched Sir James and Lady Currie watching, and Sir Howard d'Egville explaining everything to his party, which included General Nation, who slipped away to legislate. Very nice of Parliament to sit so handy. Young "Pat" Low, who did well at Seefeld in January, and Mme. Imredy, the charming Hungarian champion, were reminders of that memorable snowstorm, but we missed the great Hubert Martineau. He's taken his cricket XI. to Egypt.

LINGFIELD. It was noticeable that horses' tails are worn shorter and women's mackintoshes longer this season. Lady Quilter (mother of Raymond), Tommy Graves (who went into business on his own at Epsom), the Lex Wilsons, also "Scatters" Wilson talking to Mrs. Violet Hirsch, were about. We noted such pylons of the verdure as "Cardie" Montagu, Mrs. Ralph Barnett, Mrs. Pritchard, and Mr. A. J. Dewar, who had a nice win. Most of his friends call him Arthur, but the Press calls him Mr. John or "Johnnie" Dewar. Nobody calls him anything that isn't pleasant—and rightly. He's a pleasant fellow, with something sterling about him apart from his money.

Not only Fascistic but a well-dressed crowd of typical subjects, more often seen at concerts, almost filled the Albert Hall for Sir O. Mosley's afternoon performance. Lady Cunard, very youthful in a perky hat and an alert pose, was in a box with Lady Alexandra Metcalfe and her husband. Lady Alexandra's thoughtful expression was occasionally relieved by smiles. The aisles were impressively lined by Blackshirts, and we thought the whole ceremonial so well staged it created a dramatic atmosphere not too obviously theatrical. The Union Jack, an Elizabethan red velvet chair, and Sir Oswald were alone on the platform, nor did he appear until the meeting was under way—another wise bit of production. We're not here to write politics, but noted his speech rather rambling in form and indefinite in content to suit the younger, more fiery element among his followers. They didn't seem to think so themselves, and the Movement may be in process of developing a healthy sense of British compromise, so essential if it is to flourish far from the constant suns of Italy and the one-track purpose of Il Duce. Congratulations on getting Mayfair to the Albert Hall for anything other than Sir Thomas Beecham, a Prize Fight, or Lady Malcolm's Servants' Ball.

The best-looking committee in London belong to the Appeal Party at Londonderry House on May 8, and it's a working committee, not just a beauty chorus. Anything Lady Londonderry does is well done, so we expect a very pleasant sherry hour, with Caroll Gibbons from the Savoy at the piano, and the Duchess as chief guest. The entrance fee goes to the South London Hospital for Women, a fine modern building on Clapham Common, where the committee have been doing their stuff for weeks, led by "London's Youngest Chairwoman," Mrs. Anthony Murray, who is Lord Cowdray's twin. Some committees have never been within a three-mile radius of the hospital they're "working for," so we particularly admire Lady Harcourt, Mrs. John Musker, Mrs. Robin Gurdon, Mrs. Anthony Acton, and Mrs. Gerald Bevan for knowing the way to Clapham.

Returning to Mayfair. Lady Hindlip's flat-warming in Mount Street (entrance in Davies Street) was an event. It was also the first time (believe it or not) we'd ever seen the famous hostess, Mme. de Peña, known to her own circle as "Flo de P." The d'Arcy Rutherfords arrived together. So did Sir Charles and Lady Mappin. Sir Gerald Grove, back from foreign parts, talked to Mrs. George Carter Campbell. Lady Phyllis Allen went without a hat. The John Hallets (Averil Streatfeild) looked suitably newly wed. "Ginger" had his work cut out, and Mr. Nigel Battine, who had his eyebrow cut out by a bus, seemed better, though still bruised in the ribs and unable to laugh without pain; so having an amusing wife is temporarily a mixed blessing. The absence of new gossip was noticeable.

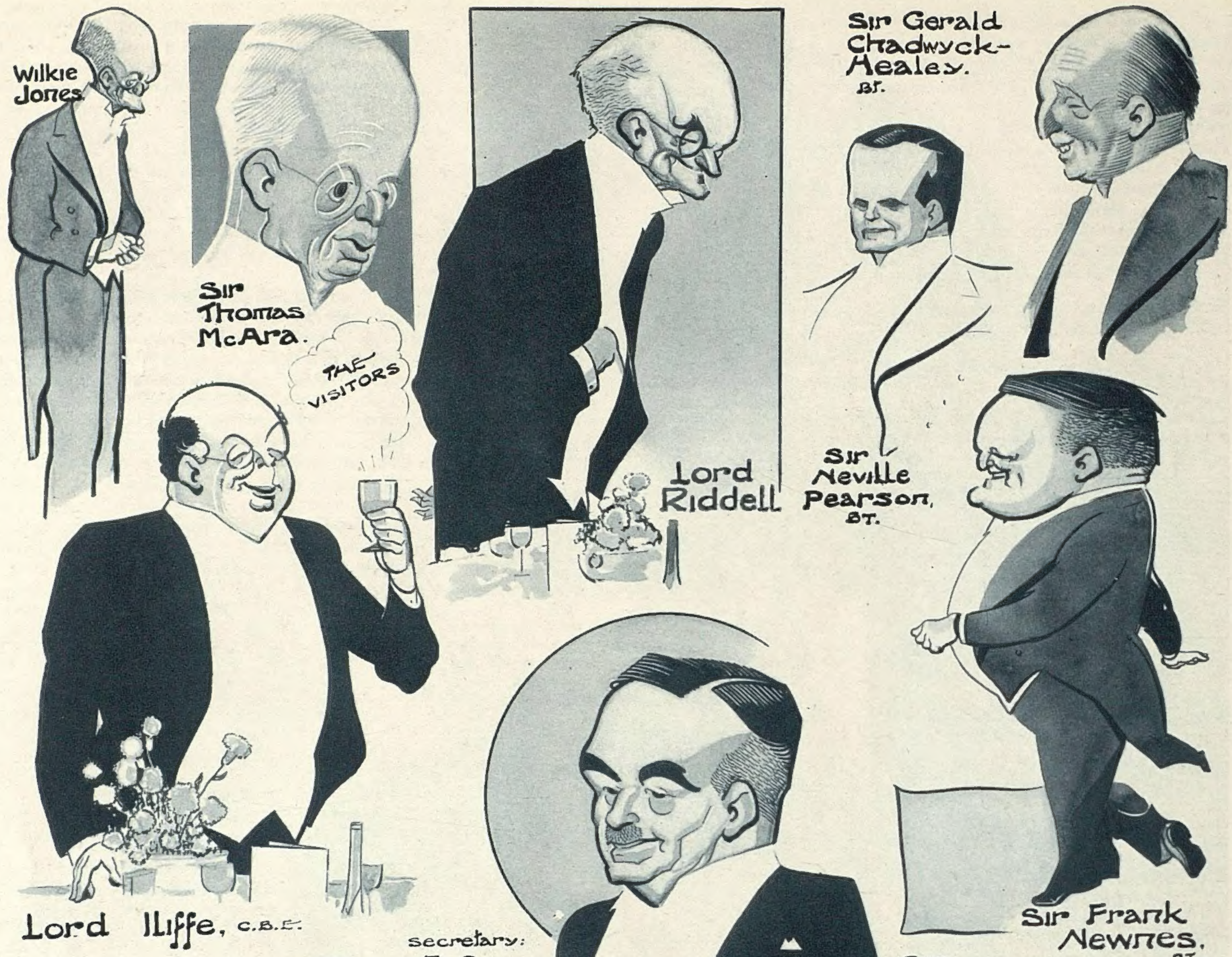
MISS DOROTHY HYSON, daughter of Mrs. Hyson (Miss Dorothy Dickson), was one of the young actresses who attended the wedding of Miss Angela Brett and Mr. Kenneth Thornton. She is with MR. ROBERT LEBUS.

"THE SKETCH" SPECIAL PRINTS.

With this issue we present a silver portrait of

MISS ANN HARDING.

Just to remind you, our very popular and original silver series of portraits of film favourites has included such famous lovelies of the pictures as the Misses Norma Shearer, Merle Oberon, Constance Bennett, Claudette Colbert, and numerous others, and forms a notable series of beautifully produced portraits of beauties.



A PRESS COMING-OF-AGE.

The Coming-of-Age Banquet of the PERIODICAL TRADE PRESS and WEEKLY NEWSPAPER PROPRIETORS' ASSOCIATION was held recently, with the President, LORD RIDDELL, in the Chair. He is as well known for his witty after-dinner speeches as for his leading position in the newspaper world. In the unavoidable absence of the Marquess of Reading, LORD ILIFFE, a Vice-President, proposed the toast of the Association. SIR GERALD CHADWYCK-HEALEY, BT., is also a Vice-President of the Association. SIR FRANK NEWNES and SIR NEVILLE PEARSON are two of our newspaper Baronets. SIR THOMAS MACARA is the Secretary of the Newspaper Proprietors' Association. MR. E. O. NORTON is the Secretary of the Periodical Trade Press and Weekly Newspaper Proprietors' Association. MR. PERCIVAL MARSHALL (Executive Chairman) received the guests.

CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LENARE.

CONVERSATION PIECE —
WITH BAA AND BEAR CHORUS.

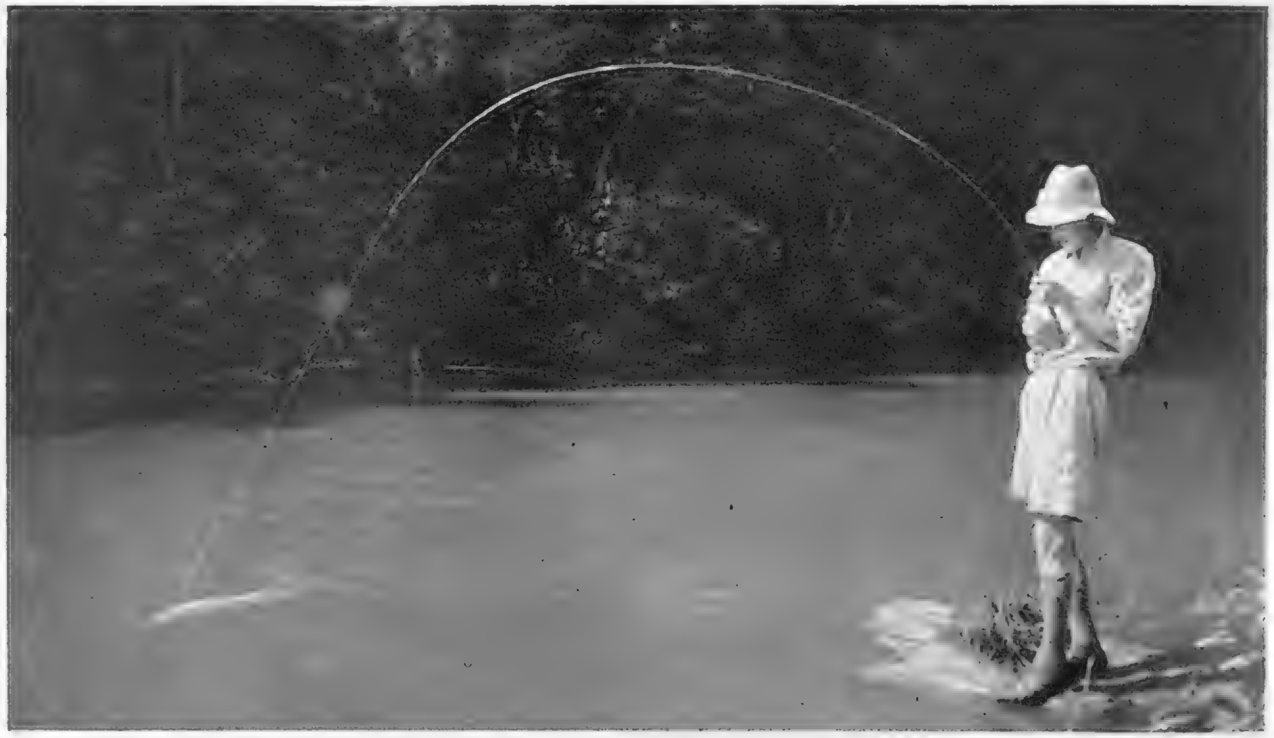
This charming study shows MRS. ANTHONY ACTON with her baby daughter, CAROLINE JANE ACTON, a beautiful Baa-lamb, and an out-size Teddy Bear. Mrs. Acton was Miss Joan Cinnetta Pearson. She is the only child of the late Hon. Francis Geoffrey Pearson, and granddaughter of the late Viscount Cowdray. She was married in 1932; and Baby Caroline Jane will be a year old on May 12.

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

Rainbow Trout in Lake Vyrnwy.

An experimental stocking with rainbow trout in Lake Vyrnwy has produced very promising results. Already this season a number of rainbow trout of 1 lb. and over have been caught. The best to date is one of 1 lb. 15 oz., included in a basket of six trout weighing 6 lb. 2 oz., caught by Mr. N. E. Kenall. Anglers who have fished Lake Vyrnwy for years are enthusiastic over the improvement in the sport. Mrs. Martin, proprietress of the Lake Vyrnwy Hotel, told me about some interesting experiments they are carrying out under the guidance of Dr. E. B. Worthington, who has made a biological survey of the lake. In addition to placing fresh-water shrimps and snails in the lake, plantings of sulphate are to be made with the object of increasing plankton. The problem of the food supply of fish is at last receiving the attention it requires from scientists in this country and abroad. It is not too much to hope that, in a few years, lakes full of half-starved trout will be rare, and the majority of waters will contain well-conditioned, hard-fighting fish.

A 26-lb. Mahseer on a Trout-Rod. One of the best pictures of an angler playing a fish that I have seen is reproduced on this page. It shows Mr. C. B. Maggs playing a mahseer of 26 lb. on a light greenheart trout-rod. There is obviously no fake about this picture, which was taken by Mrs. Maggs, who also deserves some of the credit for the capture of this fish, as I will explain. Throughout the day Mr. Maggs and his wife had fished patiently but unsuccessfully in the only practical way on this Southern India river—bottom fishing with paste and good stout rods. As the time approached to return home, Mr. Maggs picked up his trout-rod to try for a Carnatic carp. Tying a small treble hook to an old cast, he pinched a pellet of paste on to the hook and cast out. As the bait carried down with the current it was taken almost at once. The line started running rapidly, and Mr. Maggs found he had hooked something more solid than a carp. About forty yards of line were out when the first rush stopped. For some minutes the fish lay still, and Mr. Maggs was unable to shift it. Then it moved off straight towards some jagged rocks. An urgent call to his wife to create a commotion to scare the fish back was responded to in most effectual fashion. Seizing a piece of drift-wood, Mrs. Maggs splashed violently, then over-reached, and fell in. However, she soon scrambled out again, and by the time Mr. Maggs was getting command of the fish she was ready with the camera to take the snapshot which turned out so successfully. Two attempts were made before the fish was finally landed—the coolie wading in and lifting it out by the gills. As he did so the hook dropped out, so this 26-lb. mahseer was unlucky not to join that vast multitude of enormous fishes whose loss is bewailed by anglers.



THE FIGHT is on, and the odds are in favour of the fish! A beautiful snapshot of Mr. Maggs playing the big mahseer on his light rod; (and above) the TROUT-ROD WINS against a 26-LB. MAHSEER! The top photograph illustrates Mr. Maggs's notable achievement in catching a 26-lb. Mahseer on a trout-rod. This is described by Mr. Marston in his article.

Thames Trout. The most favourable time for catching a Thames trout is from now until the middle of June, when the weeds are becoming troublesome and spinning is useless unless a flood has coloured the water. Above Staines, parts of the Thames are private, but below, fishing is free except in the weir pools, and a number of these can be fished by obtaining a 10s. licence from the Thames Conservancy. Live-baiting in the weir pools accounts for the majority of trout caught in the Thames. The method employed is to mount, on a Thames flight, a bleak or dace when the water is coloured, or a gudgeon or loach in bright water. The bait is dropped in at the edge of a run and allowed to travel with the current for forty or fifty yards, then reeled in slowly. When fishing weir-pools stout gut is advisable, and, if spinning, a fairly heavy lead, up to ½ oz., may be necessary in the heavy water. Finer tackle is needed in the open river, and all likely places—bays, quiet corners, slacks between piles, under hollow banks, arches of bridges—should be carefully worked. Small fry breaking the surface is a sign of a feeding trout, and the bigger fish have their particular haunts and regular feeding-times. Any angler who is bent on catching a Thames trout should remember that patience, persistence, and skill are essentials, and if he does not possess a fair measure of each, his efforts are likely to go unrewarded. He must not expect a brace of trout in a day; indeed, he may be lucky if he gets a brace in the season; but they may be fish of 3 lb., 4 lb., or even up to 10 lb.

A Novice's Five Salmon Averaging 34 lb. For a novice at salmon fishing to commence with a bag of five salmon averaging 34 lb. in four days' fishing is amazing. Nevertheless, this actually occurred on the Wye this season. Mr. Frank Buckland informs me that a friend, who had never before fished for salmon, caught, in four consecutive days, fish of the following weights: First day, 23 lb. and 27¾ lb.; second day, 27½ lb.; third day, 44 lb.; fourth day, 38¾ lb. "After that he went home!" adds Mr. Buckland. The lucky angler was even fitted up with tackle by Mr. Buckland and another friend and shown how to use it. He must have been a very apt pupil or a bit more fortunate than most.

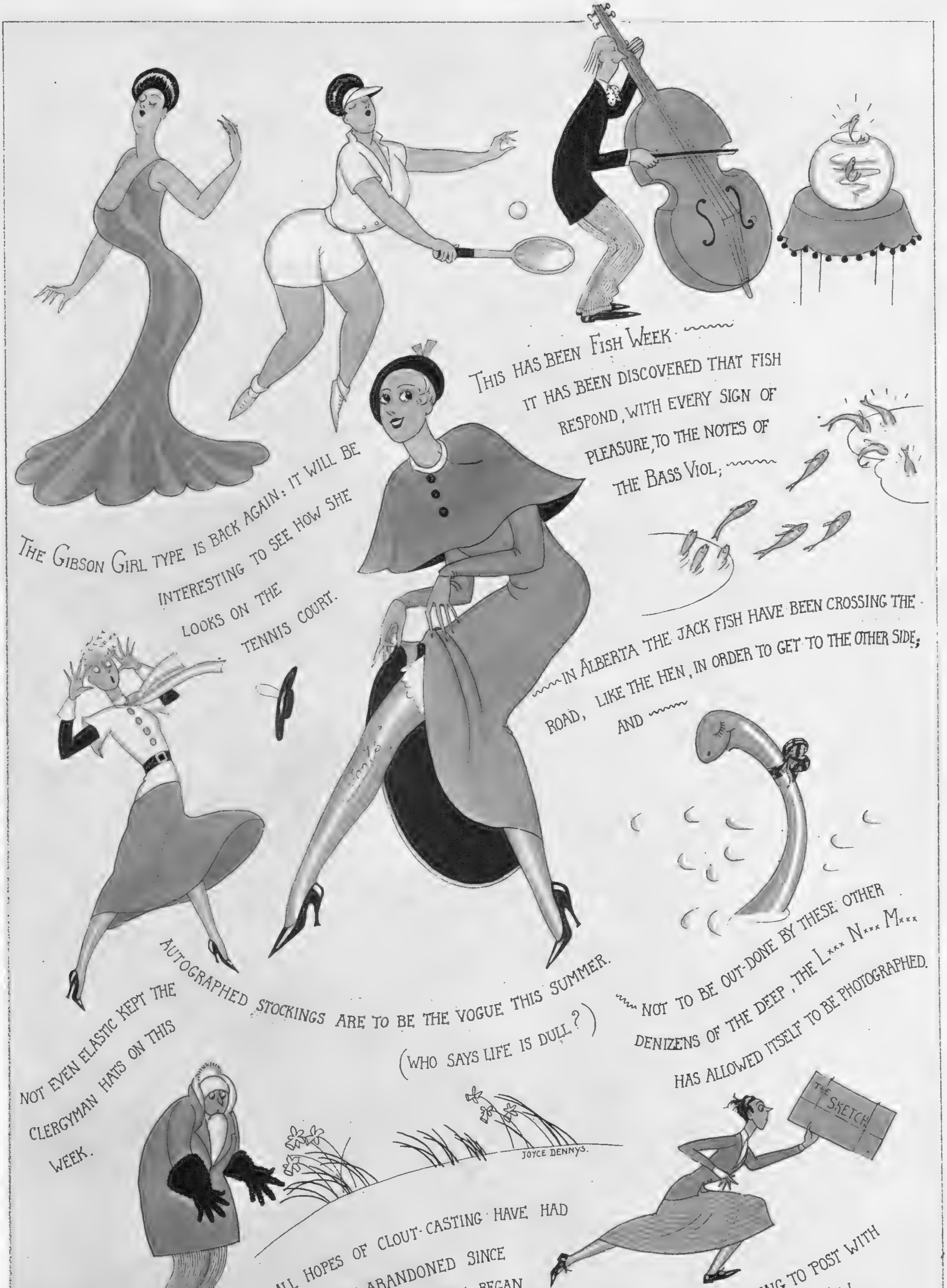
I HAVE HEARD THAT—

Mr. Warren Hastings had a fine Thames trout of 4 lb. 11 oz. from Boveney Weir on April 21.

On the Hornby Water, River Lune, Mr. W. Jackson caught a salmon of 36 lb.—a very fine fish for this river.

Excellent sport is being obtained on the Tweed. Col. T. G. Taylor had seven fish in one day on Hendersyde beat on March 17.

R. L. MARSTON.



"THE SKETCH" REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

The Gibson Girl's rich curves are to return again, we are told; so our tenth Review heralds their appearance on the lawn tennis courts this year. Publicity-mongers are going stronger than ever: the most modest social violet will not be able to remain anonymous now that autographed stockings are on the market. And, following the lure of publicity, led by a now almost too-famous Monster, fish in various parts of the globe have been making themselves conspicuous.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY JOYCE DENNYS.

THE WORST MOMENT OF MY LIFE.

No. XIV.

CHARLES LAUGHTON.

With this series "The Sketch" lifts the veil on the worst moments in the lives of some distinguished persons. MR. CHARLES LAUGHTON, the noted actor and popular screen star, is the fourteenth to go into the "confessional."

ON a certain spring afternoon, about twenty-two years ago, Charles Laughton, aged twelve, was feeling very sorry for himself. Even at that tender age he was what is known as a thoroughly bad sailor, and his acute discomfort on that afternoon was directly attributable to that cause. He was regretting the choppy nature of the waters of Scarborough Bay, in a naval pinnace, which was conveying him out from the shore to a battle-ship anchored about a mile out.

It was not a very promising beginning to an occasion to which he had been looking forward for some time, and which, in a sense, was his first introduction to his future profession. For Charles Laughton was destined for the Navy. As far back as his young memory served him, he had known that he was on the naval tradition of his family, and, like boys of his age, such a prospect was very exciting to him. When special permission had been obtained for him to be shown round a man-o'-war, he had been thrilled, and had looked forward to making acquaintance with shipboard with the usual youthful impatience.

Now, in the pinnace, however, he was not quite so sure about the glories of the sea life as he had been before. A seed of doubt as to whether he really wanted to go into the Navy thrust a hesitant root into his mind. This was not the first time he'd been sea-sick—it had happened before, in rowing-boats—would it go on happening when he was in the Navy? He shuddered. The prospect of spending the rest of one's life being sea-sick was terrible.

It was fortunate for a world which now appreciates and applauds Charles Laughton as an actor that, on that fateful afternoon, the man chosen to show him round the ship was a soured Petty Officer, with a grudge against the whole world, and the Navy in particular. During the entire tour he kept up a running invective against the Senior Service.

"You don't want to go into the Navy, boy. It's a dog's life." The man was demonstrating one of the guns, and, as he spoke, he swung its breech closed with an uncompromising clank of oiled steel. "That's what happens to you in the Navy. You get shut up for life, like this breech."

In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred these words would have been forgotten as soon as they were uttered. They were part of the Petty Officer's daily "grouse." But in Charles Laughton they crystallised a thought that had been hovering about his mind during the tour of the ship. He had felt this "shut-in-ness" in everybody he had seen. Routine was irksome to him. He hated doing things in a certain order, just because someone told him so. He wanted to be free to do the things he wanted to do; free to lead his own life and think his own thoughts.

MR. CHARLES LAUGHTON, one of the best-known and most versatile actors and screen stars of the day, is the fourteenth to disclose his secret in "THE WORST MOMENT OF MY LIFE" series for the benefit of "Sketch" readers. He was born in 1899. He gained the Gold Medal at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, where he studied after leaving Stonyhurst. His first appearance on the stage was in April 1926, as Osip in "The Government Inspector." He made successes as Count Pahlen in "Paul I." and as Mr. Prohack in the play of that name in 1927; but his first real "hit" was in the part of Mr. Crispin in "A Man with Red Hair." Tony Perelli in "On the Spot," and William Marble in "Payment Deferred," were performances which added to his laurels, but he did not begin to enjoy international popularity till he took to the cinema. His Henry VIII. in "The Private Life of Henry VIII." roused enormous enthusiasm. This winter his fine performances at the Old Vic and Sadler's Wells in such varied rôles as Mr. Tattle in "Love for Love," Lopahin in "The Cherry Orchard," Shakespeare's "Henry VIII.," Angelo in "Measure for Measure," and Macbeth, support Mr. Agate's contention that Mr. Laughton is the finest character actor on the English stage to-day.

At that moment, though he acknowledged to himself, with shame, that he was being "soft" and traitorous to his family by even allowing himself to think of such a thing, he realised that he definitely did *not* want to go into the Navy. But it was too late. The entrance examinations which, though he had previously looked forward to them, he now dreaded, were upon him. He was trapped; bound to go on and do his best to pass them. The vision of the breech closing began to haunt him. He could almost feel it swinging towards him—to crush him into the narrow barrel—of the Navy.

He also heard that he was going to be "made into a man." Frightening rumours reached him of what lay waiting for him after he had passed all his entrance examinations and went to Osborne. Apparently, new cadets were beaten with a rope and their noses put on the "acorn." He was not sure what the latter ordeal meant, but he heard that, whatever tortures were inflicted, one was never supposed to flinch. All that sort of thing made one very manly, apparently; the Navy seemed to know more than Nature about turning boys into men.

The examinations came. He was made to write essays, and answer an endless number of seemingly futile questions; he was pounded on the chest and back by a doctor, and made to say "Ah!" a great many times, and at last the day came for the final ordeal—the "interview."

It was a very hot day, but Charles Laughton, dressed in his best clothes, and a new, but rather tight, Eton collar, shivered as he waited to be brought before the board of examiners. He was desperately afraid—both of failing and of passing. If he failed he would be a great disappointment to his family; and yet, if he passed, he would have to spend the rest of his life being sea-sick . . . and doing things he didn't in the least want to do. His turn came. He was shown into a room in which everything seemed to have been polished to the limit of shininess, and found himself in the presence of a board of heavily uniformed and gold-braided men.

Charles Laughton felt the courage which he had summoned, just before entering the room, flood out of him and leave him in a state bordering on hysteria. . . . There seemed no end of these uniformed men—Admirals, he supposed—they were asking him questions—he was making replies. How far was it from London to Bombay? . . . He didn't know. What was the colour of grass? . . . Green. What was the height of the dome of St. Paul's? . . . He didn't know. Did he know his own name? . . . Yes, Charles Laughton. Then what was the colour of grass? . . . Green. Was he sure? . . . He thought so. Didn't he know whether he was sure or not? . . . Yes. Then why didn't he say so? . . . He didn't know. Wasn't the colour of grass really red? . . . It might be. . . .

Charles Laughton felt himself choking—his collar was far too tight—it was so hot. . . . Then he wasn't sure that grass was green, as it might be red? . . . No. Then why had he said he was? . . . He didn't know. Did he know anything? . . . No; he didn't think so. What was that? . . . No—yes—pardon, he hadn't meant. . . . What hadn't he meant? . . .

"I—I don't know, Sir." Charles Laughton was thoroughly demoralised by now. His hands were wet with perspiration. He barely knew what he was answering—if only he could take that collar off—it was choking him—like the gun breech—crushing him. He found himself in the ante-room, and more—it was over. And then, for one glorious second, Charles Laughton realised that he had failed.

MRS. T. O. M. SOPWITH — OF THE CHALLENGER, "ENDEAVOUR."

MRS. T. O. M. SOPWITH is the wife of Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith, the well-known yachting man, aeroplane designer, and founder of the Sopwith Aviation Company. He is much in the public eye at the moment, as he is the owner of "Endeavour," the challenger for the "America's" Cup, which was launched recently at Gosport. Our at-home study of Mrs. Sopwith shows her seated in front of a beautiful early seventeenth-century tapestry from Earl Howe's collection, which now adorns her London home.

MRS. SOPWITH is the mother of one small son, young TOM. She was Miss Phyllis Brodie Gordon, and is a daughter of the late Mr. Fred Gordon.

MRS. T. O. M. SOPWITH shares her husband's enthusiasm for yachting, and during the time that "Endeavour" was building at Gosport she was a regular visitor at the yard. When they were casting the keel; she poured several cauldrons of molten lead into the mould. She is to take part in all "Endeavour's" races before she crosses the Atlantic, as well as in the trials with the "Velsheda." Usually, Mrs. Sopwith sits near her husband at the helm, calling the seconds before the starting-gun, so as to enable him to make the perfectly judged starts for which he is famous. She will be with Mr. Sopwith in "Endeavour's" races in the U.S. in September. When the yacht was launched she christened it.

YOUNG TOM already takes an interest in his father's yachting successes. He is here having a look at one of the trophies which Mr. Sopwith has won.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SASHA.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

"MAGNIFICENT" is the only adjective for the Italian Embassy party. How enjoyable it is to be *really* grand for once, in these democratic days! Donna Antonietta Grandi was a lovely figure in her pale blue dress (worn with long diamond ear-rings and a tiara), as she stood at the head of the staircase, where the older generation remember seeing Lady Fitzwilliam receiving guests in pre-war days. Across the passage, Lady (Austen) Chamberlain, in a cloud of white stiffened chiffon, acted as a kind of supplementary hostess, with the Italian Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs at her side. She introduced all the people of importance to him as they came in—and since insignificant guests were in the minority, she was kept busy.

The crowd was terrific. I put the number of guests who got settled down in gilt chairs to listen to the concert at about 50 per cent. I was not among them, but was told that the noise of the conversation of the outsiders was like thunder breaking in on the programme of music.

Heirloom jewels were all out for the occasion. The Duchess of Portland's white and gold brocade dress was simply covered with pearls and diamonds, but her most interesting jewel was her badge as Mistress of the Robes, a post she held under Queen Alexandra. It consists of diamonds round a miniature on a pale blue ribbon. The Contessa di Sant' Elia, who is a Dama di Palazzo to the Queen of Italy, had a huge "E" in diamonds, surmounted by a diamond crown, a most impressive jewel, which she wore on a bright blue ribbon on her shoulder.

MISS ELWES, MISS GERDA ELWES, and MISS LUXMOOR were among the guests at Lord St. Aldwyn's cocktail party.

Lady Diana Cooper's beauty is always something to wonder at, and she seemed lovelier than ever when she arrived from the première of "Biography," at the Globe. She had a pale pink chiffon, with masses of shaded ostrich feathers on the cape. Lady Howe, whose coiffure of bunches of curls all over the back of her head is most successful, wore a very similar dress in pale blue. Lady Diana Cooper, by the way, has just come back from Rome, where Lord Berners lent her a *palazzo* for a few weeks.

MR. GEOFFREY ALDRICH-BLAKE and the HON. MOYA BERESFORD, daughter of Lord Decies, were guests at the cocktail party which Lord St. Aldwyn gave before his departure to America.

MRS. MACBRIDE, LORD ST. ALDWYN, MISS JOAN PLATT, MR. KIRBY GREEN, DR. MACBRIDE, and MR. PHILLIPS are seen (from left to right) in this group, which was taken at Lord St. Aldwyn's farewell cocktail party before his departure to America. Lord St. Aldwyn is the second Earl.

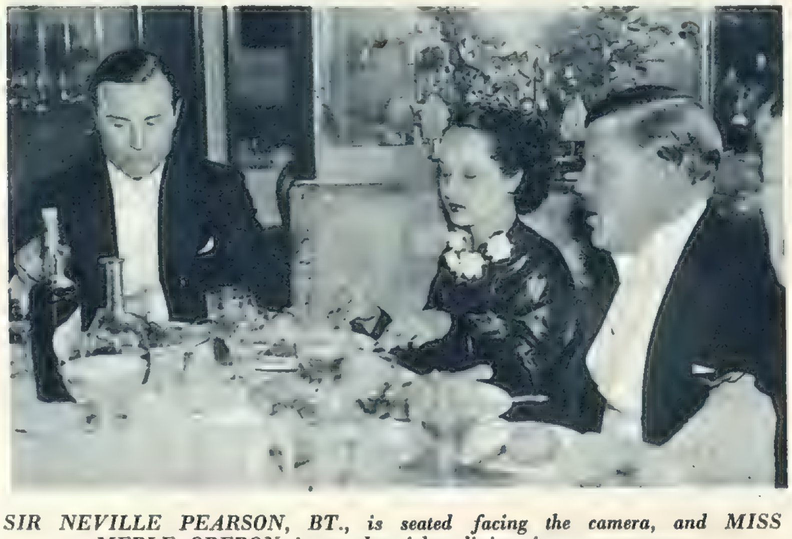
The younger generation of peeresses was represented by Lady Dufferin and Ava, who had the original idea of wearing pale pink with her *parure* of emeralds—a successful colour venture. She and her escort solved the problem of how to eat in comfort in the crowded supper-room by getting behind the buffet, and so being undisturbed by the press of other guests.

General impression of the party. Everyone was there, all the dresses were new, and all the jewels real. Duchesses, diplomats, and politicians abounded, and the food, the music an' all, beautifully arranged. In fact, it's possibly the best party of the season, even if it is the first.

The nastiest place on earth on a cold day is not the Embankment, nor the platform of a country station. It is the paddock at Epsom. I speak with feeling, *moi qui vous parle*, for I was there last week! So were a great many other people, but only one distinguished visitor had been optimistic in regard to spring attire. This was Lady Sybil Grant, whose large hat of coarse shiny black straw was adorned with a pink crêpe bow to match the touches of pink on her chocolate-coloured crêpe dress.

Fur coats were worn by practically every other woman on City and Suburban Day, and I feel sure that the happiest were those who have not eliminated all wool from their wardrobes! Lady Durham, who surely deserves a first prize for being our most regular racegoer, was chatting to Mrs. Michael Hornby (who had come with her brother-in-law, Lord Stavordale), Mrs. Crocker Bulteel, and Lady Carew Pole. All four women are good dressers. On this particular occasion, Mrs. Hornby's love-bird-blue dress, under an American broadtail coat, takes the bun; though Mrs. Bulteel's combination of shrimp pink and mink and Lady Carew Pole's mink and beige were also first class.

Lady Barbara Smith and Lady Dolly Fraser were together down at the horse-boxes. They are sisters, and are both remarkably good judges of horseflesh. It's a subject which needs knowledge *and* a touch of that strange gift known as *flair*, which is required by antique dealers, picture experts, and buyers for fashion houses too. In other words, they can recognise quality when they see it.



SIR NEVILLE PEARSON, BT., is seated facing the camera, and MISS MERLE OBERON is on the right, dining in a restaurant.

As the holidays are not yet over, the young 'uns had a day out at Epsom. I saw Lady Stanley, supported by a couple of sons, Edward and Richard, the elder nearly grown up now. Lady Hillington's girl, Ursula Mills, jolly and plump, with her beautiful red-gold hair flying about her head, was there too, with her brother Charles, who is already an enthusiastic racing man.

"*ARABELLA*," *the new opera by Richard Strauss, is to be produced at Covent Garden during the season which opened on Monday last, April 30. Our photograph illustrates the ball-room scene in the first performance at the Dresden Staatsoperhaus. VIORICA URSULEAC, the Rumanian prima donna, sang the name-part, and ALFRED MERGER was the Mandyoka. He is seen with her in the centre of the stage. Viorica Ursuleac will be heard as Arabella at Covent Garden.*

Lady Cambridge wore her favourite bright blue; Wilfrid Egerton's collar was of its inimitable and impressive height; and Mrs. J. A. Dewar's navy and white checked turn-out was very good. Her navy cap turned off her face at the very sharpest angle possible—a style which might easily be trying, especially on a chilly day—but she carried it off with ease.

. . . .

Though Miss "Liza" Maugham arrived at the Globe Theatre on the first night of "Biography" after the curtain had gone up, she did not hesitate to stop, in order to let the press photographer, lying in wait for the celebrities, snap her. The epithet "delicious," which is so often bestowed on her, is quite justified, and she is fortunate in inheriting her mother's lovely white skin.

. . . .

The stalls were full of well-known people, such as Lord and Lady Anglesey, she extraordinarily young-looking, with a most becoming long white streak in her hair. Lady Diana Cooper seemed to be sitting alone. Mrs. Maurice Brett, in the fashionable flowered silk, came to talk to Miss Lilian Braithwaite, who did not leave her seat during the intervals. Other well-knowns included Mr. Rex Evans, and Mr. and Mrs. St. John Hutchinson, who were in the front row of the stalls.

. . . .

The Lamberts—Constant and Maurice—are well in the news at the moment. Constant's very stimulating book, "Music Ho!", is a library-list "must" for everyone with any pretensions about being "in the movement"; and next week sees the shows which Maurice Lambert and Duncan Grant are giving at the Lefèvre Gallery. A great many people "place" these two artists as our greatest young sculptor and painter. At all events, Lambert has achieved marvellous beauty in two of his exhibits for the show, which opens on May 8. One is a marine group carved in grey-green alabaster to represent women and fish swimming under the sea. He has also carved a branch of a tree into a shoal of fish, in a manner which suggests the work of an old Chinese artist. Birds and fish always attract him as subjects, and I 'm told that his "Flight of Birds," and his single white marble carrier-pigeon, with the head and hand of the man who is letting it loose seen beneath, is reminiscent of an archaic Greek piece.

. . .

There were so many "stars" at Miss Angela Brett's wedding to Mr. Kenneth Thornton that a plainer bride might have been eclipsed in interest by guests like the former Lily Elsie, Millie Sim, and Jessie Winter, to say nothing of Aunt Phyllis Dare-that-is or Mother Zena Dare-that-was, who looked extremely decorative in navy blue and black and white respectively.

. . .

Mrs. Kenneth Thornton, however, is too lovely to have been in any danger of losing her place in the centre of the picture. She had the tiniest and most compact round posy of gardenias I have ever seen. When she walked out of the church into the sunshine of the Abbey garden, her "marriage lines" looked like a large white prayer-book. I have never seen a bride hold them so conspicuously before — they are usually hidden by the bouquet.

. . . .

The "Children Throughout the Ages" Exhibition at Chesterfield House is well worth a visit—and then a second one. Not only are the playthings appealing, but the pictures include some really fine works, and lots of engaging ones, for child-portraiture has been an important branch of art through the centuries — it 's only in modern times that parents have grown shy of having their children painted!

. . .

Mrs. Ralph Cochrane — who always has interesting ideas—felt this, so she arranged a show of present-day child-portraits at her Wednesday-Thursday Gallery in Brompton Road. It opens to-day, and should be visited—she hopes by proud parents who would like to have their infants painted, but need guidance. There are pictures by big people like Lavery and Dame Laura Knight; and also a selection by a number of promising young artists. MARIEGOLD.

The engagement has been announced of MR. ROBIN MAYHEW, younger son of Lieut.-Colonel John Mayhew, M.P. for East Ham, to MISS MARJORIE ROSE TAYLOR, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Taylor, of Chapel Allerton, Leeds, Yorks. Both Mr. Mayhew and his fiancée hunt with the Bramham Moor and the York and Ainsty. Miss Taylor's father is a former Yorkshire and England cricketer.

The marriage of DR. GEOFFREY EASTON SCOTT, younger son of Dr. and Mrs. J. Easton Scott, of Whitehall, Crawley, Sussex, to MISS SHEILA PURCELL, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Purcell, of Crumlin, Bickley, Kent, was solemnised at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton.

LADY WALFORD DAVIES is the charming wife of Sir Henry Walford Davies, C.V.O., O.B.E., who has just been appointed Master of the King's Musick in place of the late Sir Edward Elgar. Lady Davies was Miss Margaret Evans before her marriage in 1924. She is the only child of the Rev. William Evans, Rector of Narberth.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DOROTHY WILDING.

ANGELA BRETT IN HER LONDON MUSEUM WEDDING-DRESS.

MISS ANGELA BRETT, elder daughter of Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Maurice Brett and the Hon. Mrs. Brett (formerly Miss Zena Dare), wore this charming wedding-dress of lace embroidered with iridescent sequins for her marriage to Mr. Kenneth Thornton. The dress is to be placed in the LONDON MUSEUM, as a beautiful example of 1934 fashions. Snapshots of the bride and bridegroom leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, and of some of the guests at the wedding, will be found elsewhere in this issue.

"THE MUSICAL PANTHEON!"

Among the musicians (living and dead) introduced into this drawing by Mark Severin are: Foster, Bishop, Stanford, Sullivan, Franck, Ibert, Scriabin, Puccini, Fauré, Crouch, Molloy, Borodin, Weber, Sevenants, Stravinsky, Sousa, Friml, Kern, Coward, Henderson, Russ Columbo, Beethoven, Kanihom Aoula, Woods, Meyerbeer, Hindemith, Johann Strauss, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Honegger, Tchaikovsky, Dvořák, Schubert, Ketelby, Prokofiev, White, Rimsky-Korsakov, Chopin, Paderewski, Ingres, Couperin, Herold, Lulli, Auber, Rameau, Donizetti, Berlioz, Verdi, Massenet, Delibes, Mascagni, Gounod, Halévy, Thomas, St.-Saëns, Handel, Bach, Brahms, Janacek, Satie, Suppé, Liszt, "Many Girls," the God Orpheus, Rubinstein, Gluck, Cesar Cui, Rachmaninov, Flotow, Coates, Lauder, Coleridge-Taylor, Grieg, Chausson, Debussy, Goossens, Mussorgsky, Casella, Crawford, Yehudi Menuhin, and Peter Pan. We leave it to our readers to pick them out!

THE ROOMIEST CAR AT ITS PRICE !
The interior of the Family Saloon—roomy comfortable, tasteful —and the complete car costs but £159 !
HILLMAN MINX
The Foursome Drop-head Coupé (£225) one of the eight attractive models of the famous Minx
MINX
Write for Catalogue to Dept. S.
THE HILLMAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY LTD., COVENTRY

This snapshot was taken during the Adjacent Hunts Ladies' Race at the CRAWLEY and HORSHAM HUNT Point-to-Point Meeting at Littleworth, Partridge Green, Sussex, and shows the field taking a fence.

The HON. LAVINIA STRUTT, daughter of the Countess of Rosebery, won the Nomination Ladies' Race at the ALDENHAM HARRIERS' Point-to-Point on Mr. W. Connolly's Faranogue.

MISS P. BURRELL, riding her Billy Dear II., won the Ladies' Nomination Race at the combined point-to-point races of the PERCY, WEST PERCY, and LIEUT.-COLONEL MILVAIN'S HUNTS. It was her third win in ladies' races this season with Billy Dear II.

MISS ULRICA THYNNE was second in the Adjacent Hunts Ladies' Race at the CRAWLEY and HORSHAM HUNT Point-to-Points on her father's Greenwell's Glory. MISS PHILIPSON-STOW (right) also rode in the race.

MISS JOYCE SETON was a competitor in the Ladies' Race at the ALDENHAM HARRIERS' POINT-TO-POINT Meeting.

MRS. POPE won the Adjacent Hunts Ladies' Race at the CRAWLEY and HORSHAM HUNT Meeting on Mr. Sam Marsh's Denison.

MISS J. ROBERTS BROWN rode Captain G. H. S. Webber's Tetradame in the Nomination Ladies' Race at the ALDENHAM HARRIERS' Point-to-Point Races.

GIRL JOCKEYS AT THREE POINT-TO-POINT MEETINGS.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

YEHUDI MENUHIN—FOR ROWING BEFORE BOWING.

MASTER DAVID SAUL RODD (here seen with his mother)—FOR BEING CREATED PRINCE OF WALES (FOR THE PAGEANT OF PARLIAMENT).

MR. MAURICE LAMBERT—FOR THIS, THE FIRST, SCULPTURE OF THE MISTRAL, THE SOUTH OF FRANCE'S FAMOUS NORTH-WEST WIND.

YEHUDI MENUHIN, the world-famous young violinist, does not believe in keeping himself in cotton-wool before an important recital. Athletics, he finds, are a good preparation for harmonics, and he spends a good deal of his time rowing himself about before appearing on the concert platform. Our photograph of him was taken at Westlake Park, Los Angeles.

IN the Pageant of Parliament, DAVID SAUL RODD, son of the Hon. Mrs. "Taffy" Rodd, is to take the part of the first Prince of Wales, who was presented to the Welsh nation by Edward I. at Carnarvon.

THE Mistral, the unpleasant north-west wind known to all visitors to the South of France, has for the first time inspired a sculptor. MR. MAURICE LAMBERT'S symbolic study in aluminium called "Mistral" is to be on view at the Lefèvre Gallery, where the Duncan Grant and Maurice Lambert show opens on May 8.

ONE has heard of collections which contain "everything except the kitchen stove," but one of the exhibits at the New York Society of Independent Artists' Show consists of *nothing* but kitchen stove-pipes and a few tins! It is JOSÉ DE CREEFT'S statue "El Picador."

MR. C. E. HARE, aged eighteen, was a finalist in the 1933 Boys' Lawn-Tennis Singles. He startled the lawn-tennis world last week by defeating Great Britain's leading player, Mr. F. J. Perry, in the semi-final round of the County Hard Courts Championship. He plays for Warwickshire, and beat the Middlesex star by 6—3, 3—6, 6—4. Middlesex won the final of the Championship against Surrey, the holders.

THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY TOURING RUGBY FOOTBALL TEAM returned from their short "missionary" visit to New York in the "Carinthia." W. J. Leather (Clare) acted as Captain, and the team included twelve Blues, as well as five Internationals; so credit to skill as well as to their "Cardboard Lover" mascot must be given for their wins in all their four matches against Harvard, Princeton, Yale, and an East Combined Side. They scored 136 points to 44.

SEÑOR JOSÉ DE CREEFT—FOR CONSTRUCTING THIS LIFE-LIKE PICADOR MOUNTED ON HIS HORSE FROM TIN STOVE-PIPES AND CANS.

Eighteen-year-old MR. C. E. HARE—FOR BEATING THE "UNBEATABLE" MR. F. J. PERRY, ENGLAND'S NO. 1.

THESE MEMBERS OF THE TOURING CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY RUGBY FOOTBALL TEAM—FOR BRINGING BACK IN STATE THIS CARDBOARD LADY FROM THE STATES.

VISCOUNT BRIDPORT AND HIS FIANCÉE.

The engagement of VISCOUNT BRIDPORT, R.N., third holder of the title, to MISS PAMELA BAKER, only daughter of Mr. Charles H. Baker and of the late Mrs. Baker, was announced last week. Our snapshot shows the engaged pair on board ship coming back from Ceylon, where Miss Baker went this winter with her grandmother, Lady Lyle. Lord Bridport's sister married Mr. David Laurence Baker last year, and the bridegroom's sister, Pamela, was a bridesmaid at the wedding. Lord Bridport was at sea, so he could not attend the ceremony, but he met Miss Baker later and fell in love with her.

REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPHS OF MOVEMENT IN THE DANCE.

The camera has successfully caught the movement and rhythm of the dancers in our photographs. They all represent members of the "Embassy Ladies' Ballet," which has been appearing in Berlin.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. V. BLÜCHER.

N.B.—THE TWENTIETH OF THE NEW "SKETCH" SERIES OF SILVER PRINTS INSERTED HERE: MISS ANN HARDING.

FURS FOR THE EPSOM SPRING MEETING.

The EPSOM SPRING MEETING *was held in chilly, showery weather, which brought out wintry fur coats and felt hats. The* DUKE OF NORFOLK, *a keen racing man, was present. He is seen with the* HON. ESMÉ GLYN, *Lord Wolverton's younger sister.*

The members of this consultation in the paddock are MRS. DUNCAN MACKINNON, LADY IRENE CLARKE, MR. CLARKE, *and* MISS BRASSEY *(l. to r.).*

MRS. J. A. DEWAR *wore a neat navy blue-and-white checked suit. She is with* SIR "SCATTERS" WILSON.

LADY MARY CREWE-MILNES, *youngest daughter of the Marquess of Crewe, and the* HON. LAVINIA STRUTT, *daughter of the Countess of Rosebery, are two keen racegoers.*

The COUNTESS OF DURHAM *wore a lovely mink coat. She is with* LADY KATHERINE HOWARD, *second daughter of the Duchess of Norfolk.*

(Right) LADY ANNE HUNLOKE, *youngest daughter of the Duke of Devonshire, and* LADY DE TRAFFORD *are obviously discussing the serious business of the day.*

MRS. A. SMITH-BINGHAM, MAJOR CARLOS CLARKE, *the* COUNTESS DE PRET ROOSE, *and* MRS. JOHN FIELDEN *(l. to r.) are well-known figures in the hunting and racing world.*

THE MARCHIONESS AND FRIENDS AT HER "ONE-MANN" SHOW.

The HON. ANTHONY ASQUITH, youngest son of the late Earl of Oxford and Asquith, and the HON. MRS. JAMES BECK, sister of Lord Glenconner, were two of the many visitors at the exhibition of paintings by MISS CATHLEEN MANN, who is, in private life, the MARCHIONESS OF QUEENSBERRY. The show includes a portrait of Mr. R. B. Cunninghame-Graham, which may be distinguished on the left.

LADY PLUNKET (l.) and the MARCHIONESS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA came to the private view at Knoedler's.

LADY BONHAM-CARTER (l.) never misses an artistic occasion in London. She is with MRS. ROBIN D'ERLANGER. Mrs. d'Erlanger was Miss Myrtle Farquharson.

The MARCHIONESS OF QUEENSBERRY considers that the picture "Ballerina" is her best work in the show. Her portrait of Prince George will be seen at the Royal Academy.

MISS OLGA LYNN, LADY BRIDGES, and LADY MARY LYGON (l. to r.) were among the crowds of well-known people who went to the Private View.

THE PRINCE AT THE ARMY MEETING; CHAMPIONSHIP ENTRANTS; AND A TENOR IN PLAY.

MR. L. G. CRAWLEY (Brancepeth Castle) was one of the last eight in the ENGLISH AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP at Formby. He beat the holder, Mr. J. Woollam (Hooton), in the third round by 2 and 1.

MR. P. B. LUCAS, the eighteen-year-old left-handed Boy Champion, also reached the last eight. In the fifth round he beat Brigadier General Critchley. "The Times" says the match might have been described as the "Singular Adventure of the Brigadier and the Boy Champion."

The HON. MAX AITKEN, elder son of Lord Beaverbrook, competed in the Amateur Championship.

The four brothers SCHOLEFIELD all entered. They are (l. to r.) F. B., J. A., G. C., and A. B.

MR. JOSEPH HISLOP, the famous tenor, sang at St. Andrews last week. He played over the Old Course before his concert. His caddie is giving him a line.

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES played for the Welsh Guards in the Army Golf Challenge Cup at St. Andrews.

MRS. W. A. H. MAXWELL (centre) carried her husband's clubs for him. MR. MAXWELL is on the right and CAPTAIN REYNOLDS on the left.

"Another whisky, father?"
"Thanks my boy — and see that it's

DEWAR'S"

THE MOST DISCRIMINATING PALATES APPRECIATE THE FAMOUS "White Label"

THE FIRST OF MAY.

Gran'pop lets himself go at the Maypole.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE ARTIST.)

SHAKESPEAREAN BERGNER AND FRENCH AND U.S. STARS SHINE IN ENGLAND.

MISS ELISABETH BERGNER, the Austrian actress and screen star who has conquered London by her performance in "Escape Me Never," and as the film "Catherine the Great," will play Rosalind in "As You Like It" at Stratford-on-Avon in 1935. She has had great success in Shakespearean parts on the Continent. She is seen (left) as Viola in "Twelfth Night" and (right) as Rosalind in "As You Like It."

M. PIERRE FRESNAY, the French actor who was recently seen in the title-rôle of "Don Juan" with "La Compagnie des Quinze" in London, has succeeded Mr. Noel Coward in "Conversation Piece," and plays opposite to MLLE. YVONNE PRINTEMPS.

MISS INA CLAIRE, the American actress, plays Marion Froude, the leading rôle in S. N. Behrman's new comedy, "Biography," at the Globe Theatre. The play is produced by Mr. Noel Coward.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

"TOLERANCE is my one virtue," confesses Marion in "BIOGRAPHY," that brilliant play at the Globe, and the complementary comment might be added of Richard that intolerance is his only vice. It is tolerance which makes Marion so avoid even the just scene, enables her to make easy adjustments with her surroundings, and fills her biography with primrose adventures. A dilettante in experience, she can suffer pleasantly the stuffed-shirt pomposities of the would-be Senator Nolan, so admirably described by Mr. Frank Cellier; the unctuous pharisaism of the big business man, drawn in a perfect cameo by Mr. Sam Livesey; and be dominated into the writing of her biography because her detachment cuts her off from troubling about the verdicts of her generation. But Richard, young and disillusioned, fiercely bitter in attack against all the hypocrisies and shams that she accepts, would violently use that biography to destroy reputations and all the falsities they stand for. It is just that crusading ardour which commands her love for him and yet makes her burn the manuscript. Yet it is not the narrative, well told as it is, that is the essential virtue of Mr. S. N. Behrman's play. It is his exploration of character and subtle building and conflict of motives. Richard and Marion are full-length portraits, compelling in their integrity, intensely interesting, and genuinely moving. All the passion, the impatience, the fundamental idealism, the handicaps of his humble beginnings, the defiance of a spirit at war is in Mr. Laurence Olivier's study, as finely acted as it is conceived. All the tenderness, the humour, the accommodating ease, the charm, the personal attraction, the compromise of a spirit that feels no urge to fight, the fundamental idealism, too, is in the beautiful and firmly drawn portrait of Miss Ina Claire—a reward to watch her creation. They part because they could never meet. It is more than the parting of two people; it is the parting of two opposed ways of life. Here is the play's distinction. Splendidly produced by Mr. Noel Coward, interpreted by all with fidelity, "Biography" is a play that does credit to the stage.

This "DARK HORIZON" of war, described at Daly's by Miss Lesley Storm, lacks the persuasion of a tract and the compulsion of a play. Now, in the theatre, any point of view expressed forcibly enough through dialogue, with intellectual substance, with incidents to underline the argument, can be provocatively stimulating; but here the dramatist's homily, though its purpose is plain enough, neither convinces by its logic nor converts by its emotional stress. Scene follows scene, with no binding unity other than the fact that the characters all live in one block of Kensington flats. We admire the skilful expedition of the producer, but no pulse quickens through the sequence. Life, cribbed, cabined, and confined, in the various tenements, gets no scope to gather momentum, but merely vapours in patchwork emotions from the idyll to the melodrama. This kinematic movement is too restless and sketchy to permit the completeness of portraiture, though Miss Marda Vanne as the war-widow and mother, Miss Ann Todd and Mr. Lester Matthews as the passionate lovers, and Mr. Ernest Jay as Taylor downstairs, manage to suggest embryonic but recognisable outlines. Not until the eleventh hour—or, to be precise, the eleventh and last scene—when all the inhabitants seek refuge in the basement, while aeroplanes drone and bombs burst in clouds of choking smoke, do we get any tension or gather the dramatist's message. The violence of the bombardment and the agony of the situation create a theatrical effect which roused enthusiasm. It is the end of the play, but only the beginning of the problem. The roots of war strike far deeper than any touched upon in this obvious propaganda, and while everyone outside a lunatic asylum must strive for peace, the rock of its foundation must be of sterner stuff than fear of the consequences.

UDAY SHAN-KAR is at the Comedy for a short season, with his company of Hindu dancers and musicians, and those who were privileged enough to see them on the occasion of their first visit need no recommendation from me. It is an entertainment that satisfies the most exacting æsthetic judgment, unique in character, unusual in its melodic lines and rhythms, delicate, strange, and beautiful. Shan-Kar has translated the forms of Hindu art into an interpretation we can share, and, though we may miss the significancies of the symbolism, we enjoy the dances, both simple and complex, grave or gay, because movement has the grace of poetry and the decoration of design. The music is curiously fascinating, unfolding and expressing in its rhythmic cadences the different dramatic conceptions as wide in range as the religious Tandava Nrittya, and the bright pastoral of gods and shepherds in the Rasa Leela dance. It is rare in the theatre to discover so satisfying and so artistic a production.

Œdipus (EDDIE CANTOR), disguised as the Ethiopian beauty specialist, makes his way into the Solarium and Beauty Parlorium in "ROMAN SCANDALS." The female costumes are those of the "Decline and Fall" period.

What a bright, generous show there is at the Palace! Like most revues, "WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?" will improve as it runs, for in the first part there are too many flat spots. Really the opening skit, "The Divorce Breakfast," is a poor start, and "Familiar Phrases" had much too obvious an application. But the dancing is good, the numbers are tuneful, some of the sketches are genuinely funny, and the show works in a sort of crescendo to a finish that put everybody in a jolly mood. Miss Florence Desmond and Mr. Nelson Keys, in their brilliant impersonations, are irresistible. Miss Desmond it was who, in the first half, literally stopped the show with her caricature of Mae West; and Mr. Keys is indefatigable, and so infinitely resourceful that indifferent material appears acceptable. Miss Greta Nissen has a charming Victorian number, and one would welcome more such graceful turns. Miss Polly Luce dances well and decorates the stage, but she is not well served. The Diamond Brothers bring a whirlwind of acrobatic energy. M. Stanilas Idzikowski and Miss Margaret Braithwaite distinguish themselves in graceful ballets; and Miss Gina Malo, Mr. Dudley Rolph, and Mr. Walter Crisham contribute with lively effect. The production is slick and the settings attractive. A little judicious cutting, and the rest can be safely left to the clever team, headed by the vivacious humours of that irrepressible pair, Miss Desmond and Mr. Keys.

G. F. H.

"ROMAN SCANDALS," at the Leicester Square Theatre. A rare sculpture, entitled "Military Transport," which shows Œdipus (EDDIE CANTOR) being carried to the slave market by the rude soldiery.

Our lists of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page XII.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO

THE CINEMA.

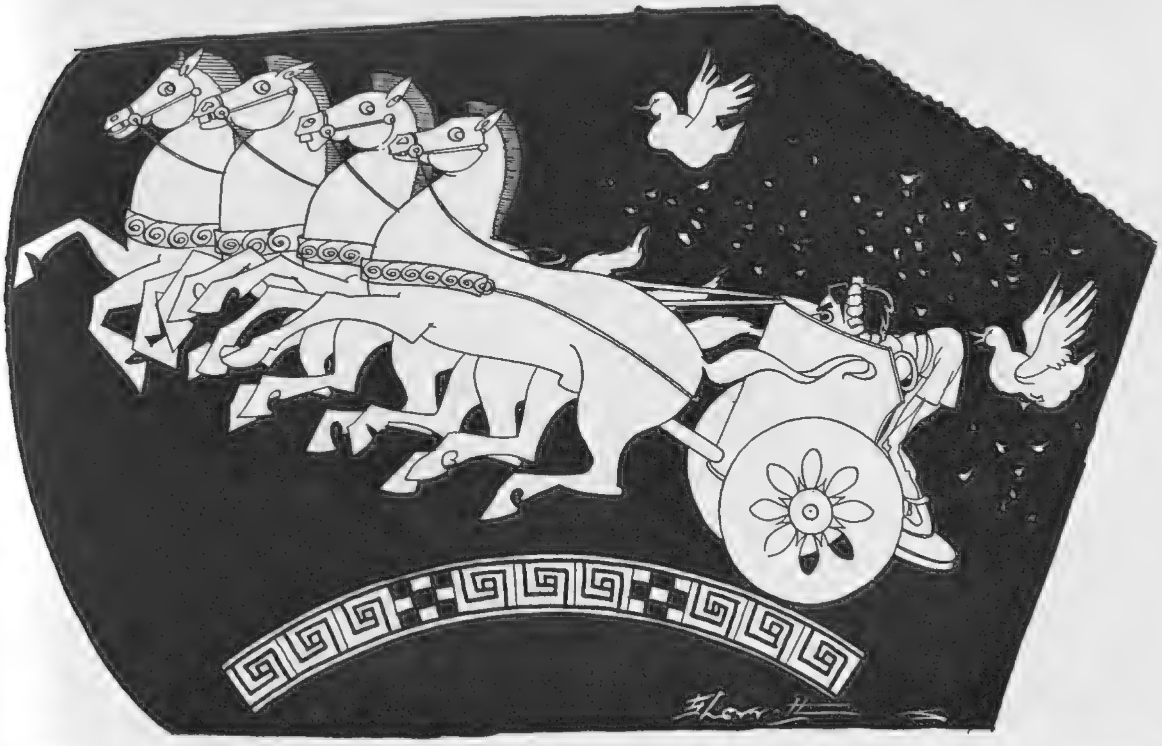
THERE is something novel and refreshing about the theme of "IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT" (Tivoli), in which Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable star together for the first time, and that is the idea of a long-distance bus ride, which takes us through an America which we rarely see, giving glimpses of a countryside with farmhouses and pleasant landscapes, welcome relief from the usual extremes of skyscraperdom and the monotony of the small town. It is the romance of a millionaire's daughter who has run away from her father's yacht with a happy-go-lucky newspaper man who befriends her during the bus journey from Miami to New York. The odyssey of this strange young couple (for she is supposed to be married to a New York "playboy," while he is merely after the "story") is extremely entertaining, packed with incident and told with keen humour. Mr. Gable has never been better, and shows what a likeable, versatile actor he really is; while Miss Colbert defies criticism, giving a delightful portrayal of a poor little rich girl in distress, now proud and haughty, now helpless and willing to accept a helping hand from any knight of the road attracted by so fair a quarry. Of the supporting cast, mention must be made of Walter Connolly as the stern father, and Roscoe Karns, excellent in his brief appearance as a passenger on the bus. The direction comes from Frank Capra, whose light touch steers the story swiftly on its way, a journey without a dull moment, its suspense nicely gauged, its sentiment never laboured.

To the New Gallery comes the long-anticipated "MAN OF ARAN." Mr. R. J. Flaherty, who has made this epic of the Aran Islands, is already widely known by reason of his earlier films dealing with remote people in out-of-the-way places, notably "Moana" and "Nanook of the North"; but here he has dramatised something close at hand, giving an air of unfamiliarity to people who are different from us only through their hard life and their terrible struggle to wrest a bare livelihood from the pitiable resources of their sea-girt home. Nature holds all the trumps in this never-ending fight; for the little island consists of bare rock, without a single tree or shrub, swept by fierce gales, with the Atlantic waves beating ceaselessly against its cliffs. Though situated only thirty miles from the mainland of Galway, the sea passage is so formidable that the inhabitants are quite out of touch with the rest of the world; so that Mr. Flaherty's cast of islanders are brilliant natural actors facing the camera without self-consciousness. There is no plot, in the usual sense of the word; dialogue has been reduced to a minimum; we are merely shown a slice of the daily lives of "Tiger" King, a typical man of Aran, his wife and twelve-year-old son. But there is drama and to spare in their shark-fishing, in their efforts to weather tremendous seas in a frail curragh, and in their fatalistic resignation when the little craft is smashed to smithereens on the rocks. The photography throughout is magnificent, accentuating the grimness of its subject, sending us away with unforgettable pictures of the unconquerable sea in all its varying moods.

The rôle of Captain Hugh Drummond has been portrayed on stage and screen by probably a greater number of actors than any other hero of fiction. The latest recruit to this honourable company is Ralph Richardson in "THE RETURN OF BULLDOG DRUMMOND," at the Regal this week. Mr. Richardson's physique and rugged features make him a more suitable choice for the part than some of his predecessors, notably Ronald Colman and Jack Buchanan, who erred on the side of urbanity, but his characterisation is lacking in zest and leaves us disappointed. The Petersen of Francis L. Sullivan, on the other hand, is most convincingly villainous, with a world of menace behind his suave smile and silky voice. Claud Allister repeats his well-known rendering of Algy, while Ann Todd as Drummond's wife is given little to do except scream. The story is taken from Sapper's novel, "The Black Gang," and relates Drummond's final encounter with his arch-enemy, who this time is sowing sedition on a grand scale, with kidnapping and murder as a sideline. There has been little finesse in the treatment of this material—thrills are turned out at such a rate that the result could not fail to be exciting.

A curious Roman fragment (from "ROMAN SCANDALS," at the Leicester Square Theatre), showing Œdipus (EDDIE CANTOR), the Imperial food-taster in a hurry, with his lunch in his right hand and "Okay Chief" in his left. For the fun of the thing he is shown wearing some of Mercury's old boots.

Though I have not yet had an opportunity of seeing "SON OF KONG," at the Plaza, I am told that this sequel to a famous "thriller" presents Little Kong, who is "not a patch on his old man," being only a trivial twelve foot high, in a favourable—indeed, a humorous—light. Carl Denham again visits Skull Island, and, with the help of the ape, overcomes the many tribulations which beset his path in a search for hidden treasure. The prehistoric animals and a realistic earthquake again do credit to the technical staff. The supporting film is a comedy, "You're Telling Me," with W. C. Fields as the star. B. T.



Œdipus (EDDIE CANTOR) leading the field in a tremendous wild-goose chase along the Appian Way in "ROMAN SCANDALS." The smash which terminates this glorious charge causes Eddie to wake up and become himself again.

FLORENCE DESMOND'S MAE WEST.

This is not a photograph of the celebrated Miss Mae West; but a study of MISS FLORENCE DESMOND giving an impersonation of her in the new Palace Theatre revue, "Why Not To-night?"

Here we give a "still" of MISS MAE WEST HERSELF as she appeared in "I'm No Angel."

The remarkable resemblance to Miss Mae West achieved by MISS FLORENCE DESMOND is illustrated in this photograph of her as she appears in "Why Not To-night?" A new portrait of Mae herself is given on our facing page.

THE REAL MAE WEST.

The celebrated MISS MAE WEST, whose picture, "I'm No Angel," caused such a furore in this country and in the U.S.A., is here seen as she will appear in her next Paramount film, "IT AIN'T NO SIN," which is set in the 'nineties. Miss Florence Desmond gives a brilliant burlesque of Miss West in "Why Not To-Night?", at the Palace.

MARRIED LIFE ON THE STAGE: GERTRUDE LAWRENCE AND DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JNR., REHEARSING.

A young married couple are the principal characters in "THE WINDING JOURNEY," the new play by Philip Leaver, which is due for production in Manchester on May 7, before coming to London in June. MISS GERTRUDE LAWRENCE plays the wife, and MR. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JNR., is the husband; while Mr. Nicholas Hannen and Miss Joyce Kennedy also have important parts. Our photographs (taken at a rehearsal) illustrate some of the scenes between the husband and wife. Miss Lawrence's very amusing dress of rows and rows of fringe (and her dark spectacles) should be noted.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SASHA; EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

YOUR CLOTHES SHOULD BE GAY—YOUR STOCKINGS FASHIONABLY DULL

Cannons of Hollywood.

Dress in linen tweed with coat by Digby Morton • Hand-bag and bracelet in cork by 'Fifth Avenue'

the stockings are **Bear Brand**

Made at Woolton by Howard Ford & Co., Ltd., of London and Liverpool.

"PLAYFUL PLUTO," the new Mickey Mouse film at the Leicester Square Theatre, is a Walt Disney masterpiece in which his genius is seen in its full flower. The fantastic adventures of Pluto have never robbed him of his essentially "doggy" character, and in this picture they certainly are fantastic! After a heroic fight with a wriggling hosepipe, Pluto pulls out the hydrant. Mickey rushed into the basement to turn off the water meter, and Pluto obligingly holds the flash-light torch in his mouth—as our "still" shows.

(Right) PLUTO has an unfortunate accident with the flashlight — HE SWALLOWS IT—with the above amazing results. He becomes a living X-ray picture! He and Mickey are here registering alarm.

"PLAYFUL PLUTO" SWALLOWS THE TORCH!

THE SIX-POINT SUMMIT SHIRT 10/6

POINT 4 All patterns are woven in double-ply yarn.

Pay more, if you like, but you will only get a finer or more luxurious material. The tailoring, and every detail of finish and sewing, are identical with our most expensive shirts. If you doubt this, we shall be delighted to prove it to you in detail at any Austin Reed shop, on the counter, with a shirt before you. • THE NEW SUMMIT **10/6** SHIRT made of fine *Summit shrunk* woven lustre. Three sleeve lengths to every collar size. The price includes two soft collars to match.

Summit Shrunk

AUSTIN REED SHIRT SHOPS

103-113 Regent St., W.1
24 Coventry Street, W.1
33 Oxford Street, W.1

157a Cheapside, E.C.2
5 St. Mary Axe, E.C.3
22 Walbrook, E.C.4

135 Victoria Street, S.W.1
Shell Corner, Kingsway, W.C.2
124 High Holborn, W.C.1

189 Strand, W.C.2
13 Fenchurch St., E.C.3
77 Cheapside, E.C.2

GLASGOW · BIRMINGHAM · LIVERPOOL · MANCHESTER · SHEFFIELD · LEEDS · BRISTOL · BELFAST

AUSTIN REED LTD. LONDON P.2054

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

TRY as I would, I could not find much to criticise in Mr. Evelyn Waugh's "Ninety-Two Days"—a record of three months' travel in the heart (if the country can be said to possess a heart) of British Guiana. It is interesting, amusing, instructive. By boat or on horseback, Mr. Waugh covered many a dreary mile. But the dreariness never communicates itself to his pages; like Mrs. Elton, he has "resources within himself," and he is never more entertaining than when the prospects failed to please, and insect-bites left his body without two square inches free from irritation. There was not a great deal to see in British Guiana, except a famous waterfall at Kaieteur; even Mr. Waugh's camera seems to have been discouraged by its task. Having taken a particularly good picture of him, it had to content itself with views of rest-houses, ranches, missions, horses, and natives, the last-named in no way remarkable for beauty. (I ought to mention that a good many of the photographs were spoilt or failed to come out.) One or two glimpses of the savannah are pretty, but Mr. Waugh would be the first to agree that they did not compensate for the discomforts and privations of his journey. Happily, his own eye is much keener and more selective than the camera's. Nothing that is odd or significant, above all nothing that is ludicrous, escapes it. If one needs proof of the superiority of man, as a recording instrument, over the machine, one finds it on every page of "Ninety-Two Days."

There was little to do in British Guiana, and much to suffer. Why, then, go there? The author anticipates this query—

Who in his senses will read, still less buy, a travel book of no scientific value about a place he has no intention of visiting? (I make a present of that sentence to any ill-intentioned reviewer.) Well, the answer, as I see it, is that man is a communicative animal; that probably there are a certain number of people who enjoy the same kind of things as I do, and that an experience which for me was worth six months of my time, a fair amount of money and a great deal of exertion, may be worth a few hours' reading to others.

A very modest claim. I am grateful to Mr. Waugh, first for supplying me with a line of criticism which would never have occurred to me, and then for meeting it with such a good-natured and convincing reply.

A Captious Traveller. Mr. Waugh travels, as a rule, in a captious spirit. But since his captiousness lends itself to observation and discrimination, it is a more desirable quality in a traveller than undifferentiated enthusiasm. And surely a writer may be bored as long as he is not boring? It is true that if one happened to be a settler living on Mr. Waugh's line of march, one would take up his book (if it reached so far) with a certain justifiable apprehension, confident that he would not have been blind to one's faults and weaknesses. The new Prior at Boa Vista, for instance, may not entirely relish Mr. Waugh's account of him, but he may—who knows?—profit by it. "The servants of the religious," reading what Mr. Waugh has to say about them, may possibly try to brighten themselves up, and fit themselves for intercourse with intelligent travellers. If they do, something will have been gained: if they do not, nothing serious is lost. We do not get the impression that Mr. Waugh lets his ironic spirit over-ride his sense of gratitude; many of the figures in his book, coloured as well as white, would glow to hear his appreciation of them. Honour where honour is due. . . . Notwithstanding all the hardships incidental to the trek, many of Mr. Waugh's readers, enchanted by a page of magnificent description, will wish they could make the journey to the waterfall of Kaieteur.

The author is a child of his age: he rejoices in discrepancies, disparities, incongruities: the breakdown of civilisation in the face of indifferent Nature or uninstructed natives never fails to thrill him—

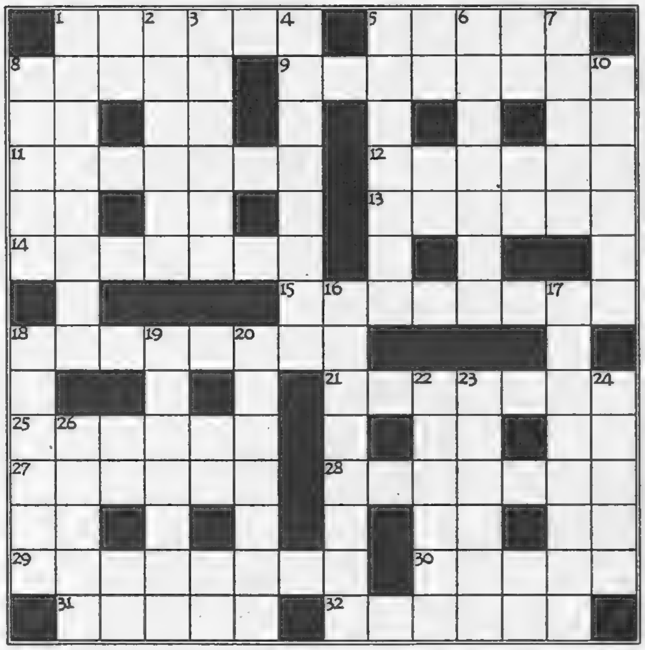
There is a fascination in distant and barbarous places, and particularly in the borderlands of conflicting cultures and states of development, where ideas, uprooted from their traditions, become oddly changed in transplantation. It is there that I find the experiences vivid enough to demand translation into literary form.

This is a just and penetrating piece of self-diagnosis. It is his susceptibility to this fascination that gives Mr. Waugh his *cachet* as a writer of travel-books. Sometimes his response to the fascination is side-tracked into irony, frivolity, flippancy. Then we laugh. But often he allows it the benefit of his seriousness and absorbing interest in life, and then his pages glow with an intense and personal illumination. There are many such pages in "Ninety-Two Days." It is a remarkable and distinguished book.

"14 A." "14 A" is a courageous attempt to write a novel in dramatic form. Stage directions are introduced, but as sparingly as possible, and as far as they can the authors abstain from comment. The characters tell their story, and reveal themselves, almost entirely by dialogue. It was not unnatural that Miss Riding and Mr. Ellidge should choose this unusual form for their book, for they have a remarkable gift for dialogue; not only for the witty, sophisticated, subtle utterances of the Bohemians in No. 14 A, but for the conversation

[*Continued on page* XII.

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



Note.—Two-letter spaces are regarded as unchecked letters and clues are not given.

ACROSS.

1. Merely bluff, you say? Yes, but it carries weight.
5. Don't cast it yet if you want to retain youth after a hundred!
8. French territory goes west and reveals an ancient food supply.
9. Here's a metal which looks like Latin, but, of course, it's only partly so.
11. Wise men come in after six, if they dare show their faces!
12. Results, when 'Arry finds his girl among the poultry.
13. Rather rackety and nautical, too. Noah might have made his ark so, and so can you!
14. Qualification of the aunt you call upon in moments of stress. You *could* make it instead, of course.
15. Risk in one word; cool down in two.
18. You could hardly call this a bull-dog, though it does take care of the cows.
21. Thought has wings? No, only one.
25. Very poor. Have you seen the letter in the paper?
27. If you really want to get the bird, don't start by giving it a push!
28. The dago has something in him evidently. Quite the gentleman, in fact.
29. The Minister of Health may want to demolish this soon. Landlords may be glad it wasn't eleven he meant!
30. Some of your ancestors perhaps, but not enough to be select.
31. Do more wickedness, by gum!
32. Come out! It's taken an obscure germ!

DOWN.

1. Old fogies don't indulge in this sort of talk. It isn't even good in youth!
2. This is how the wood remains if you talk too much. Something's happened to the swan, anyway.
3. There's nothing to be seen here.
4. Certain happenings do end poetically, you see.
5. Some philatelists might prefer a Cape Blue, but then they wouldn't have *danced.*
6. This should keep the wet out, but you'd better not put your relations under the water-colours.
7. You can travel about in these, and that allows you to put something even into a short day.
8. Not necessarily a wise bird, but it has its own opinion, monsieur!
10. He's not so well dressed perhaps when he does the potatoes.
16. Even a novice, you see, can transplant the peony.
17. Stretch, as far as the gate.
18. This actor won't do any gagging, and won't need any. Put the second half first, and you can still have him on a bit of string!
19. Suggests, yes; but not that the devil speaks the truth.
20. Formed of what's under the feet, then under the ear. Seems potty, doesn't it?
22. Use persuasion. Mussolini can't always come first, you know!
23. There's no place here for even a moderate drinker, and the whole thing is certainly more tidy.
24. Nice, secluded places. Part of them is O.K., anyway.
26. Well, if it does make you argue, you needn't be bored by it!

A VALUABLE PRIZE FOR THE SOLUTION OF OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLES.

Owing to the great popularity of our weekly Cross-word Puzzles, we have decided to give a prize of £2 in connection with each, until further notice. To the sender of the first correct solution of this puzzle which is opened on Monday morning next, May 7, we shall give a prize of £2.

RULES: A "Sketch" Cross-word Puzzle Coupon (published at the top left-hand corner of page X) must accompany every solution; with the name and address of the sender clearly filled in. Envelopes must be marked: "Sketch" Cross-word. The Editor's decision is final in all cases, and it is understood that all entrants accept this rule. Owing to official regulations, readers in Scotland and in the United States of America cannot enter for this award.

Real Cocktails begin with

When London desires its modern luxury, but will not be without its traditional atmosphere of quiet perfection, it meets at the Berkeley.

There is this pleasant harmonizing of the new and the mature in the famous Buttery. For there Harry Botten blends the latest of his excellent cocktails, using Booth's, the only Gin that is matured.

BOOTH'S The Only Matured DRY GIN

FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SIR GUY CAMPBELL, BT.

Looking Forward.

I am writing at St. Andrews, sitting in the North Room of the Royal and Ancient Club, looking out across the links and the sands and the bay at the misty hills of Angus and the snow-covered Grampians beyond. The links, after the recent rain, has already changed its suit of duffle for one of Lincoln green, and if only we can get a little more during the next few weeks, brought here by a west wind, we shall have a course in good condition for the Walker Cup match. That is now the chief topic of conversation here, in spite of the fact that we are in the throes of the Army Meeting, which will be over when these notes appear, and are looking forward to the Spring Meeting of the Royal and Ancient Club, and the nomination of the Captain to succeed Sir Ernley Blackwell.

The result of the MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS GOLF TOURNAMENT at Ranelagh, when twenty-four couples (all mothers and daughters) took out cards, was that MISS GARNHAM and MRS. GARNHAM (The Naze) won the scratch prize with 74. They are seen in front, receiving their trophies. At the back MRS. MILLER and MRS. CRONEEN (Gillingham), the runners-up in the Handicap Section, are on the left; and MRS. PRESTON (Roehampton) and MRS. GRAHAM JONES (Parkestone), winners of the Handicap, are on the right. All hold their prizes.

A Problem.

And the pother centres round the last two places for our team. Already there has been an upset in the English Championship at Formby, for Rex Hartley is out, beaten in the first round on the twenty-third green by S. E. Banks, who defeated Keith Dalby in the Amateur and Professional match at Royal Mid-Surrey. Other upsets are bound to occur, and each one will make the task of the Selection Committee more difficult. There is, however, a guiding principle which, if followed, does bring relief *tot discrimine rerum*. It is, for a set contest, to rely on the man whose form is reliable and whose heart is in the right place. Nowhere in this country is there a man that better fills this bill than Lionel Munn. It may be said I am a "fan" of Lionel. I am; but then, I have known his game, and the way he plays it, for more than twenty years. Here in Scotland Eric McRuvie is regarded by qualified judges as a class player. He is young but experienced. That in itself is an ideal combination.

The Army Meeting.

Meanwhile, a word on the annual Army Meeting—which, like the English Championship, will be over and done with when you read this—will not be out of place. This yearly assembly is conducted by the Army Golfing Society, which is now celebrating its coming-of-age. It was formed at Deal in 1913 with thirty-eight original members. Its first President was Lieut.-General Sir Arthur Paget, who did so much to encourage Army golf. Its first Captain was Captain (as he then was) Cecil Hutchison. To-day the Society numbers just on the 1500 mark. Its Patron is the Prince of Wales; its President, General Sir Robert Whigham; and its Captain, Lieut.-Colonel W. M. Ozanne. Quite rightly, the Society sought permission to come of age at St. Andrews. A warm welcome was generously extended to it, and so far the meeting has been an unqualified success.

Two Records.

A record entry of 232 players was received for the Individual Championship and Black Watch Medals Competition, and the reunion was opened with a match of 200 a side between the Society and a team drawn from all St. Andrews golf clubs—another record so far as numbers are concerned. In the end the Society won by fifty-two matches to thirty-eight, the other ten finishing all square. The same night a dinner was held in the Town Hall, at which Norman Boase, the Provost of the City; several past Captains of the Royal and Ancient, and representatives of the other clubs attended as very welcome guests. Speeches were made by General Sir Robert Whigham, Provost Boase, Colonel Harry Bethune, a past Captain of the Royal and Ancient; Lord Lindsay, Lieut.-Colonel W. M. Ozanne, and by Field-Marshal Lord Cavan, who proved—as is his wont—that brevity is the soul of wit.

The Army Championship and Black Watch Medals.

The first two days of the meeting proper were devoted to the chief events—the Army Individual Championship and the competition for the Black Watch Medals, given by the Royal Highlanders in memory of that famous golfer, Lieut. F. G. Tait, the greatest player the Army has yet produced. The weather on the first day, after starting beautifully, degenerated into a misery of wind and cold rain, which was at its worst when the tigers were "hunting." On the second day the weather made ample amends, for a grey morning turned into a lovely spring afternoon, with a fresh breeze blowing out of the north-west. In the end Captain A. C. Giles, of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment—a Worplesdon golfer—won the Championship and the Black Watch Gold Medal with two steady rounds of 78 and 77 for an aggregate of 155. Close behind him came Lieut. N. R. Reeves, of the Buffs, a former Army Champion, who, following an indifferent score of 82, handed in a fine 74 on the second day. This won him the Black Watch Silver Medal. With two holes to play, he required two fours to tie, but a four at the Road Hole was just outside his compass. Lieut. H. S. Mitchell, last year's winner, was one stroke behind at 157. All three were respectable totals for the Old Course, the charm and difficulties of which are becoming apparent to many who, on first sight, were inclined to regard it lightly. Numbers of golfers have made the same mistake in years gone by; numbers more, it is safe to say, will make it in years to come.

The Grenadier Guards and Veterans Cups.

In addition to these two major events, there were two other competitions running concurrently. The first was the Grenadier Guards Cup for the best aggregate returned by a retired officer. This was won for the third year in succession by Captain C. G. B. Stevens, of the Oxford and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry, with steady rounds of 79 and 78, the second round containing a six at the sixteenth hole, which, nine times out of ten, would be a four, and at least twice a three. Lieut.-Colonel Jack Hughes, who commands the 1st Battalion of the Grenadier Guards, and Major C. W. Wallace, late of the Indian Army, tied for the Seniors Cup, given by General Sir Robert Whigham and Lieut.-Colonel Ozanne.

MISS BARBARA LEES (Huddersfield) and MISS MARY JOHNSON (Hornsea) won the "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes at Birkdale, Lancs, by beating Miss Jessie Anderson (Craigie Hill) and Mrs. Barbour (Birkdale) in the final at the nineteenth hole. This is the twelfth year of the Ladies' Northern Foursomes organised by the "Bystander."

Printed in vivid colours, the crêpe-de-Chine tunic on the right is a most decorative and useful affair. It has pleats at the hem, is trimmed with black buttons, and costs 5½ guineas at Harvey Nichols, of Knightsbridge. The fancy weave black marocain skirt is 59s. 6d., and the fine black Ballibuntal hat, with its shallow crown and broad black and silver ribbon, costs 79s. 6d.

THE SKETCH DIARY OF FASHION

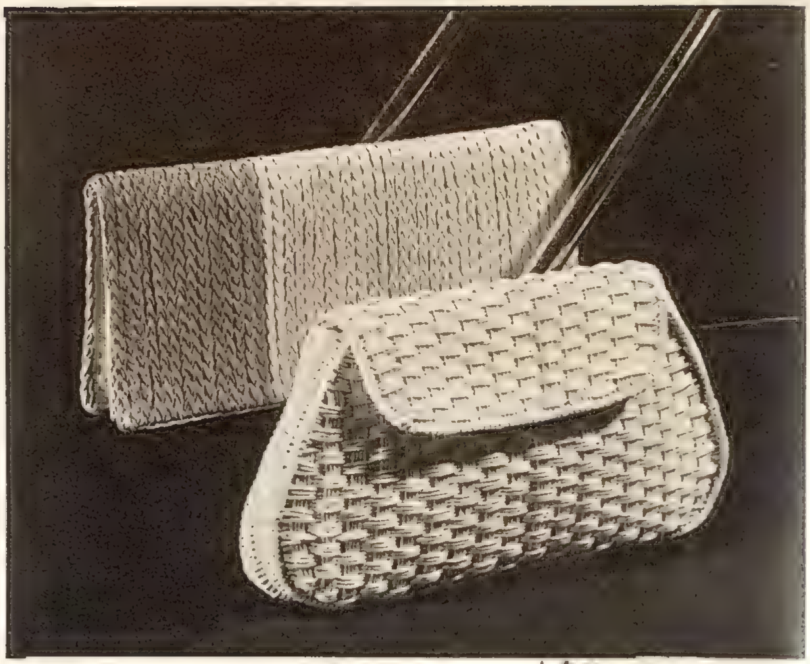
EDITED BY OLIVE CALEY-SMITH

A new and very charming white organdie jumper to wear with a dark suit. Edged with narrow lace, it has oblong crystal buttons and rows of hand-veining, and the price is 39s. 6d.

Black, red, and white taffeta is used for the jumper on the right, which is a copy of a Mainbocher model. The collar, cuffs, and hem are scalloped and bordered with kilted frills.

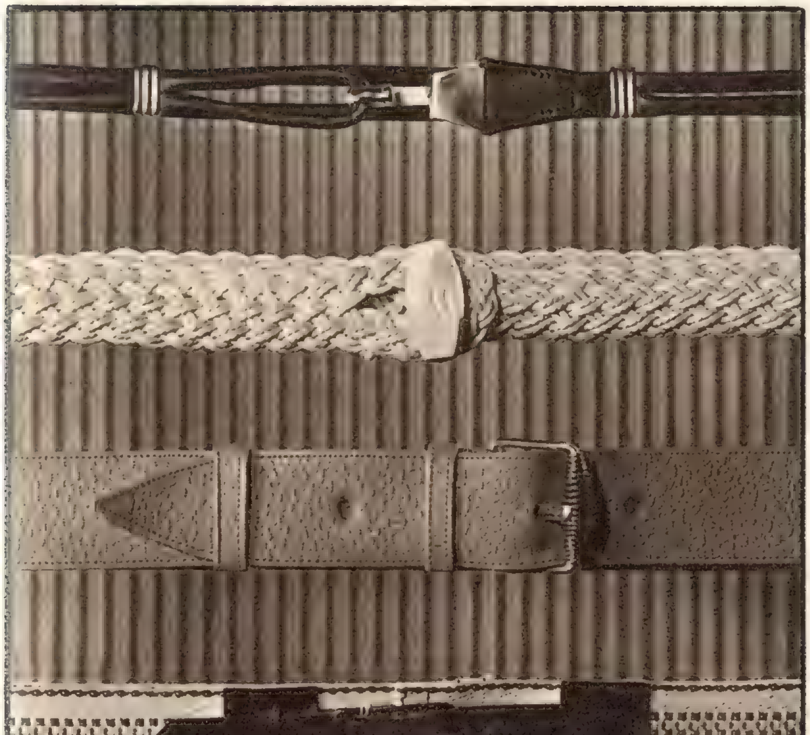
RIVALS on the COURTS

Shorts or Divided Skirts



Admirably tailored shorts in heavy shantung are worn by this left-handed player. They have four flat pleats grouped in the centre at the front and back, the resultant line being very flattering to the figure. They cost 45s., and are worn with a fine mercerised cotton jumper in red and white. This is made in other colours, and the price is 32s. 6d., the complete outfit coming from Lillywhite, 24, Regent Street, S.W.1.

The pochette in the photograph at the head of this page is made in natural and scarlet macrame, and the second bag is of white string. Both come from Woolland Bros.



A heavy linen coat is ideal for active or spectator sports wear. The one above has slightly squared shoulders and wide Directoire revers, with prystal buttons and buckle. It costs 99s. 6d., and is made in natural, cherry, and pastel shades.

The tennis dress is of washing Rayé silk with a woven satin stripe. It is trimmed with red and white buttons and has a widely pleated skirt which is divided in the centre—a fact which is only noticeable when its wearer is playing.

Both these garments come from Woolland Bros., of Knightsbridge, where there may also be seen the collection of belts on the left. At the top there is a two-thonged leather belt with a metal hook. Next is a natural plaited string belt fastened with a wooden button. Thirdly, one in Peccary calf in many colours. And lastly, a webbing belt with leather straps. None of these cost more than 6s. 11d, but they are accessories which are tremendously important.

SCAIONI

Specially noted...

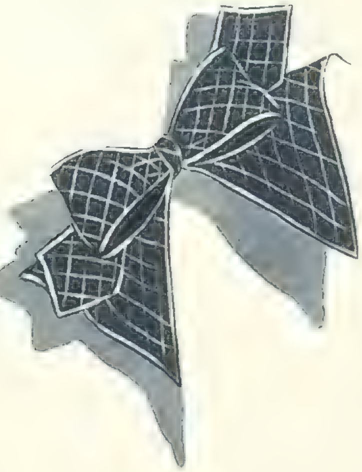
A weekly feature of outstanding interest in our Diary of Fashion

The full pleated jabot, so successfully launched this season by Worth, by Maggy Rouff, and by other leading Paris houses, is a delightful conceit and one which is particularly welcomed by the Englishwoman, who is always happiest in tailored suits and who appreciates anything that will make them sufficiently elaborate for formal occasions.

The striped organdie front shown above has a high folded neckband, the jabot being edged with spotted net lace. It costs two guineas and comes from Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, W., where all the accessories on this page were sketched. The hat is of black Panama trimmed with a petersham ribbon.

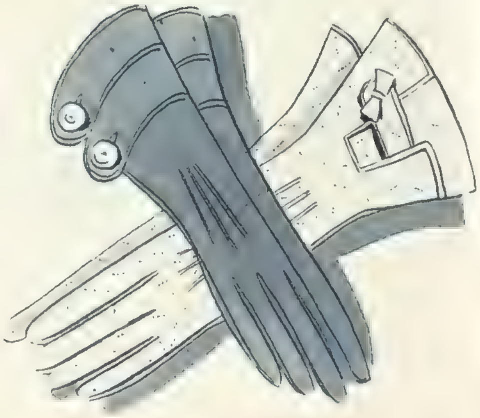
A couple of notable bags—the dark one in blue walnut calf with a white-spotted plain calf handle; and the other in walnut calf with patent leather bands at the sides.

A heavy crêpe-de-Chine sports handkerchief at 4s. 11d. and two pairs of shoes are seen on the left. The two-toned shoe is in black, brown, or navy and white calf and suède calf with decorative sunray punching, and the other is in brown or black glacé and suède, or in black patent and suède.



It is small details that make all the difference to one's clothes, and, carefully chosen, they are a form of true economy, for they provide infinite variety at very little cost. The sailor collar on the left is made of blue and white plaid organdie with a large bow at the front. It costs 16s. 11d., and would add a gay touch to a simple frock or a linen suit.

The gloves on the right are both interesting and practical. The lighter ones are washable wild hogskin and have an amusing strap with a leather bolt on the wrist. Plain gloves in this leather are available from 17s. 9d. Washable kid is used for the second pair, which has linked wooden buttons on the cuffs. These cost 17s. 9d., and are made in beige, black, and nigger brown.



Backgrounds

for Gracious Living

HARVEY NICHOLS OF KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1

"**BACKGROUNDS FOR GRACIOUS LIVING**" is a new book, entirely illustrated in colour, and published by Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge. Whatever your home—tiny flatlet or large country mansion—there's plenty to interest you here . . . rugs and carpets (Oriental and modern), furniture, furnishing fabrics, decorations, and beautiful furnishing accessories. Write for your free copy now, before the supply is exhausted, to Harvey Nichols & Co., Ltd., Knightsbridge, S.W.1., or telephone Sloane 3440.

From the New Spring Collection

Dinner-dance wrap in fine quality White Russian Ermine, luxuriously trimmed with two White Fox Furs.

65 gns.

REVILLON

180 REGENT STREET
LONDON, W.1

PETER ROBINSON

Coat for Summer in Wool Georgette

684. This attractive coat is worked with a design of tucks, and finished with the new pouched sleeves and scarf collar. Fully lined with Artificial Crêpe-de-Chine. In black, navy, and beige - - - - - **5 Gns.**
Sizes: S.S.W., S.W., W. *and* O.S.

CATALOGUE OF SUMMER FASHIONS
sent on request.

PETER ROBINSON, LTD., LONDON

The GOSSARD Line of Beauty

FOR A

slender

WAIST AND HIPS

THERE IS nothing like a Gossard front-lacing corset to slim the waist and hips. Youthful as well as mature women have found this type of garment the most satisfactory for controlling flesh.

The model illustrated is a new design in front-lacing, side hooking without front clasp. A perfectly smooth figure line is ensured. Peach figured brocade, sizes 24 to 34.

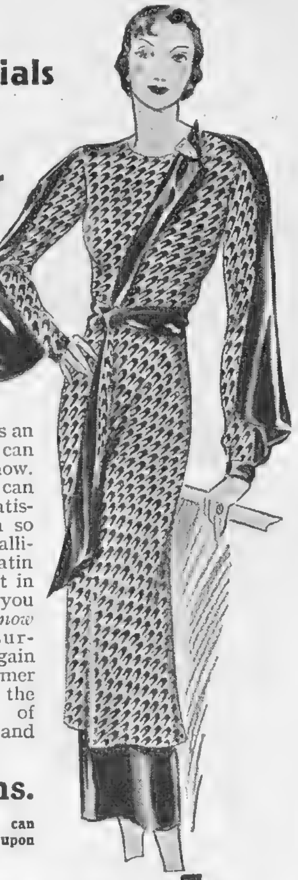
MODEL 6681 . . . . . . 42/-

Illustrated Catalogue and name of Distributor sent on request.

THE BRITISH H. W. GOSSARD CO. LTD., 168, Regent Street, London, W.1

(Wholesale only)

two materials are better than one



. . . that's an edict we can all follow now. and what can be more satisfying than so smart an alliance as satin and a print in a frock you can wear *now* with assurance, *and* again in the warmer days with the knowledge of its charm and chic.

6 gns.

credit terms can be arranged upon request.

corol

(dept. s. 165)

33, old bond street,

london, w.1. regent 0234

Beautiful down to her finger-tips

HOW frequently it is said, "Yes, she's very beautiful, but—." It is the attention to the minute details which counts, and a girl's hands are an infallible guide. You must be beautiful—right down to your finger-tips—and there is no better way to ensure this than by the use of the famous "Kraska" Nail Polish, which is used by Royalty. "Kraska" is easily and instantly applied, withstands the action of soap and water, yet is speedily removed by "Kraska" Polish Remover. It is most economical and by far the best polish for the nails. Every bottle includes brush for application.

"KRASKA" POLISH REMOVER instantly removes polish. Just a touch and then wipe off. 1/-

"KRASKA" CUTICLE REMOVER. Supplied with patent cuticle extractor. 1/- and 1/9

"KRASKA" NAIL POLISH

is made in 25 fascinating colours.

Blanche, Naturelle, Rosée, Double Rosée, Quadruple Rosée, Deep Quadruple Rosée, Coral, Deep Coral, Chinese Lake, Deep Chinese Lake, Orange, *Pearl, *Rose Pearl, *Gold, *Silver, Ruby, Deep Ruby, Black, Blue, Green, Tango-Coral, Deep Tango-Coral, etc. Prices 1/-, 1/6, and 2/6 per bottle. *In 1/6 and 2/6 sizes only.

Kraska

Obtainable from all Chemists, Hairdressers' Stores and Branches of Boots the Chemists.

"KRASKOL" for under-arm hygiene. Odourless, safe, antiseptic; a preventive of perspiration evils. 1/- and 1/6

"KRASKA" Nicotine and Ink Stain Remover, for keeping the hands free from unsightly stains. 1/- and 2/-

---

Brettle's

SILK STOCKINGS

Perfect fitting dainty in texture charming and reliable

"BON AMI" PER 4/11 PAIR

"SHANGONE" PER 6/11 PAIR

Two Belper Productions

Other Qualities from 1/11 to 10/11 per pr.

Stocked by Leading Drapers

SPEND YOUR VACATION AT

PITLOCHRY

: : PERTHSHIRE : :

Where, amidst sylvan scenes and romantic and historical associations, an enjoyable holiday may be spent.

Golf Tennis Bowling
Salmon & Trout Fishing
Mountaineering & Touring

are nowhere else to be had under such idyllic conditions.

UP-TO-DATE HOTELS

For tariffs and accommodation write to the Managers of the undernoted:—

ATHOLL PALACE HOTEL
FISHER'S HOTEL
MOULIN HOTEL
SCOTLAND'S HOTEL

Holiday Tickets during season by LMS regular trains.

NORFOLK BROADS HOLIDAYS

Broadly speaking, it is about 200 miles of perfect holiday through these Norfolk waterways. Our wherry gives constant gala performances, midnights and matinees. Gentle country pictures slide by all day: and at night a most understanding moon provides the limelight. Our dinghy *flip-flops* sleepily astern—when it isn't running errands to a village. We tie up for the night just anywhere, close to whispering willows that flank wide, welcoming fields. We are called in the morning by yellow streaks of sun that stab at us through tiny open windows: someone dives sturdily overside. Presently there is a superb galley-smell of bacon: and then a lavender-blue veil of baccy smoke hangs aft over the morning scene. Trouble is, the sun seems to go down again before one has really had *time* to soak in it—that is, broadly speaking . . . .

L·N·E·R

The Holiday Handbook with tariffs of hotels, boarding houses and apartments, from L·N·E·R offices and booksellers Price 6d

Free Book . . . **"Eastern Counties"** from L·N·E·R Stations, Offices and Agencies or from Passenger Manager, L·N·E·R Liverpool St. Station, E.C.2; York; or Waverley Station, Edinburgh; or Traffic Supt., L·N·E·R Aberdeen.

Details of over 600 Wherries, Yachts, Motor Cruisers, House Boats, Bungalows, etc., for hire, are included in "Norfolk Broads Holidays Afloat," 316 pages. Free from Blake's, Ltd., 150, Broadland House, 22 Newgate Street, London, E.C.

PENNY A MILE SUMMER TICKETS ANY TRAIN ANY DAY

NORFOLK BROADS IT'S QUICKER BY RAIL

RUBINAT LLORACH

NATURAL APERIENT MINERAL WATER

Prescribed in cases of Gall-stones, Liver Disease, and threatened Appendicitis, Constipation associated with Gout, Hepatic Dyspepsia, Gastric Fever, and generally in Abdominal Obstruction.

Dose : - Wineglassful fasting; can be increased according to temperament.

NO GASTRIC IRRITATION.
NO ALTERATION IN DIET REQUIRED

Sole Agents :
Ingram & Royle Ltd, LONDON, S.E.1.
and of all Chemists.

The Illustrated London News

1/- —— WEEKLY —— 1/-

PUBLISHING OFFICE:
346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.

SPORTING PRINTS

The value to-day of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists of the present day.

Prices from One Guinea.

Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended.

THE SPORTING GALLERY

7, Grafton St., Bond St., London, W.1.

An original printed design in a . . .

SUMMER ENSEMBLE
. . . by Debenhams

From the Inexpensive Gown Department.

. . .

Charming Ensemble in printed crêpe of original design. Well-cut dress with skirt finished sunray pleating in front. Padded ruching gives a smart finish to the sleeveless coat. In various colourings. Sizes 42, 44, 46 and 48 - - - - 98/6

Sent on Approval

Debenham&Freebody

WIGMORE STREET, W.1 *(Debenhams Ltd.)*

In

Silver and Gold

to meet Their Majesties

A beautiful Model from Harrods' Collection of distinguished Gowns for the Royal Courts.

In Silver and Gold Tissue with Golden Flowers appliquéd to the train.

Harrods

Harrods Ltd London SW1

The friendliest Welcome awaits you...

Come to Germany for your holiday this year—you will be greeted with the friendliest of welcomes.
Everywhere—in town and city, in the midst of the most beautiful countryside, by the banks of mighty rivers, or amid the snow-capped mountains of the Bavarian Alps—throughout Germany, the whole-hearted hospitality that awaits you will crown the enjoyment of a perfect holiday.
Whether your tastes are for modern architecture or mediaeval buildings, for music and the arts, or for sport and entertainment—you will find everything you desire in this land of infinite variety.

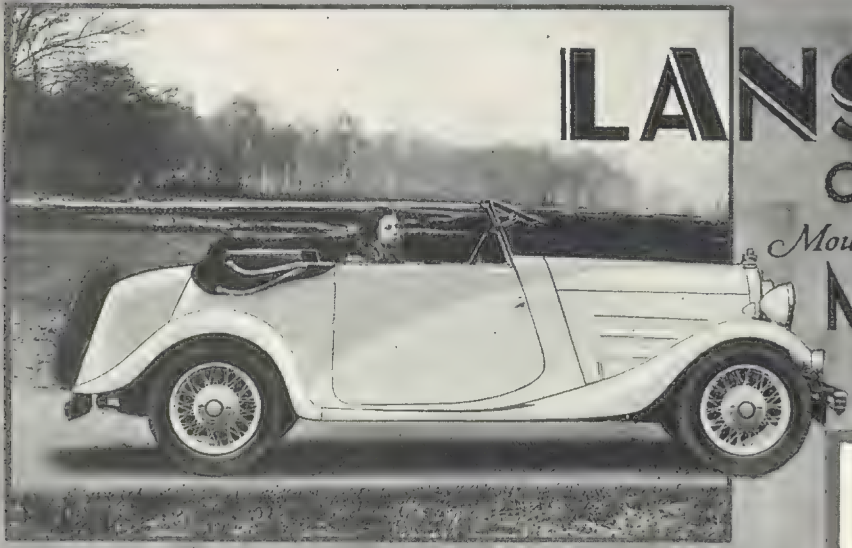
Come to GERMANY and see for yourself...

OBERAMMERGAU

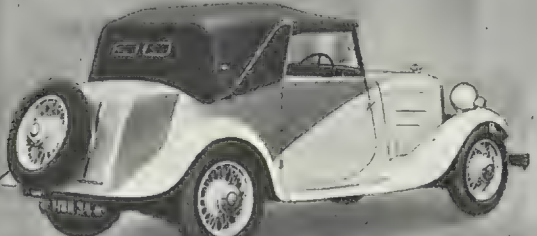
The Tercentenary Performances of the world-famous Passion Play take place from May to September this year.

REGISTERED MARKS CHEAPEN CONSIDERABLY THE COST OF TRAVEL AND STAY IN GERMANY. YOU SHOULD ALSO OBTAIN REGISTERED MARK TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES FOR PERSONAL EXPENSES BEFORE LEAVING

For information and Literature apply
GERMAN RAILWAYS INFORMATION BUREAU
19 Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1
or to
THOS. COOK & SON, LTD.
BERKELEY STREET, LONDON, W.1
and their offices throughout London and the Provinces
OR ANY OTHER TRAVEL AGENCY



LANSDOWNE
CONTINENTAL COUPÉ
Mounted on
MORRIS OXFORD SIX
Chassis



.. SMART LINES ..

This captivating Coupé looks well in any company, and provides de luxe motoring under any weather conditions; for town or country service.

Price £335 (Ex Works) } Colours to choice.

Take the earliest opportunity of writing for full particulars and demonstration to
STEWART & ARDERN, Ltd., Coachwork Dept.

STEWART & ARDERN LTD

MORRIS DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE METROPOLIS — MORRIS HOUSE, 103, NEW BOND ST., W.1 — AND REGIONAL DEPOTS

CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"FOR about a fortnight," The Jobber was saying, "he made more money than he thought the world contained. He got a smack in the eye every now and then, of course, but on balance, each day was better than the last. Only it didn't."

"Last?"

"Last. The market turned round; he couldn't bring himself to cut heavy losses, and the net result of all his work and worry is that he's mighty little richer now than he was six months ago."

"There must be plenty of people who have had the same sort of experience lately," The City Editor surmised.

"Think of the money we have all lost by not making it," The Broker most unprofessionally moaned. "We could all have grasped a little fortune——"

"To lose it later, and a bit more with it," The Engineer philosophised. "A profit's not a profit till you've taken it. Still, your Stock Exchange is a most puzzling place."

"I know that, only too well. But what makes you say so?"

"You'll agree that it's right to take a good profit?"

The Broker was not going to be led up the garden path like that, so he maintained discreet silence.

"You do agree, anyway; however cautious you may be in saying so. Now, a client of mine bought Daggafontein and Grootvlei for as many shillings as he can sell the shares for pounds to-day."

"I dare say."

"Well, if he had sold when he could have doubled his money, that would have been the perfectly correct thing to do. But, by refusing to take what you and I would have called a good profit, he has multiplied his capital about twenty times over instead of twice. So your pet theory of taking profits is liable to mislead very badly any man who follows it out."

"Your man must have had marvellous faith or wonderfully good information."

"Or both," The Jobber commented. "It's no use trying to lay down hard-and-fast rules. Any more than it's any good saying you've lost money by not having followed some market or other."

"Why don't all jobbers pile up early fortunes and retire?"

"I'll tell you, Sir. Suppose I make Brokie a price in a thousand shares, and he deals. If I can get a profit, I undo the bargain then and there, however small the turn. But if there isn't a profit, I am tempted to run the bargain until I can make something on it."

"The market may move against you."

"It does, as a rule. Consequently, I may make a profit turn of six-pounds-five; but, on the other hand, I can easily lose five-and-twenty pounds by waiting for a profit that never comes."

The Merchant remarked that this cleared up what had been a bit of a mystery in his own mind. "I always thought it was making a book that cost you money," he added.

"So it does"—and The Jobber groaned. "But you get your book made for you pretty often, whether you like it or not."

The Engineer told them to leave off talking about what didn't concern him——

"But we've got to live," expostulated The Jobber.

"Why need you?"

"For your sake, dearie. If London had been without jobbers during the West African slump, where do you suppose the public would have landed?"

"They got in the soup pretty well as it was."

"Not half so badly as they would have done had the London Stock Exchange been run on the Wall Street lines, with no jobbers at all."

"There are specialists in New York."

"Yes, and what are they, as compared with the Stock Exchange jobber in London? You go to New York, my boy, or Paris, or any other centre you like."

"What for?"

"To study Stock Exchange conditions, of course. You would come home, I can assure you, with such a conviction as you've never had before that there's only one real Stock Exchange market worth calling a market. And that's in London."

"New York——"

"New York is a gambling centre. They don't care a nickel about you if you want a common or garden investment. They live to encourage speculation. And that, indirectly, is why there is all this fuss about stock investigations and dealing restrictions and heaven knows what else."

"Mining shares are about the only things that pay you decent rates of return on your money," The Engineer side-tracked.

"You get four per cent. on Harrods or Barkers ordinary shares; two pounds-five nett on Courtaulds; say three and a quarter nett on Imperial Tobacco; four and a quarter on Gas Light and Coke; five per cent. from International Tea; a shade over four per cent. from the leading London electricity supply ordinary, three and three-quarters on Rolls Royce——"

"There's the hope of increased dividends, though."

"Of course. Trade is good in this country. All my pals have bought new cars."

"Count me out," said The City Editor.

"Not for long. You are as certain to buy a new car as you are to buy a new suit."

"What's the matter with this one?"

"Everything. I heard your daughter tell you so last Saturday. Now, didn't I?"

"What's a poor devil of a man to do? His womenfolk clamour for new frocks now that the summer's coming on, and when he gives them all he has, they turn round and say they're ashamed to be seen out with him in his old clothes."

"You ought to have a Stock Exchange market specially for sartorial and similar securities."

"Why not widen the terms of reference," suggested The Engineer, "and include the shares of anything that aims at making mankind more Beautiful?"

"And womenkind?"

"Why paint the lily, gild refined gold, or throw a perfume on the violet——"

"Now, that's an idea," and The Broker held up his newspaper in request for attention. "We have markets for rubber shares, oil, brewery, electric lighting, insurance, banks, and heaps of others, but we have no definite market for Beauty shares."

The Jobber looked anxiously at The City Editor. Both tapped their foreheads with melancholy significance.

The Broker noticed, but paid no heed. "We could do with an entirely fresh set of shares: it would bring in a rush of new business. Why not a market in Beauty shares?"

"You have got Twilfits," The City Editor reminded him. "And a number of shares in soap-making companies. Not to mention shares like Swears and Wells, the artificial silk concerns, Bradleys——"

"I reckon it would pay to have a section in these things all to themselves, instead of their being spread out round the Miscellaneous market, as they are at present."

"Look here," suggested The Broker, "I'll tell you what. We will write to the Editor of *The Sketch* and——"

"No," said The Jobber. "Certainly not. I would never consent."

"Why, I should have thought that you——"

"Yes, so should I. But I don't. What would be the first thing we should be asked for in any Beauty market?"

"Beauty, of course."

"Precisely. And that's why I am dead against the idea."

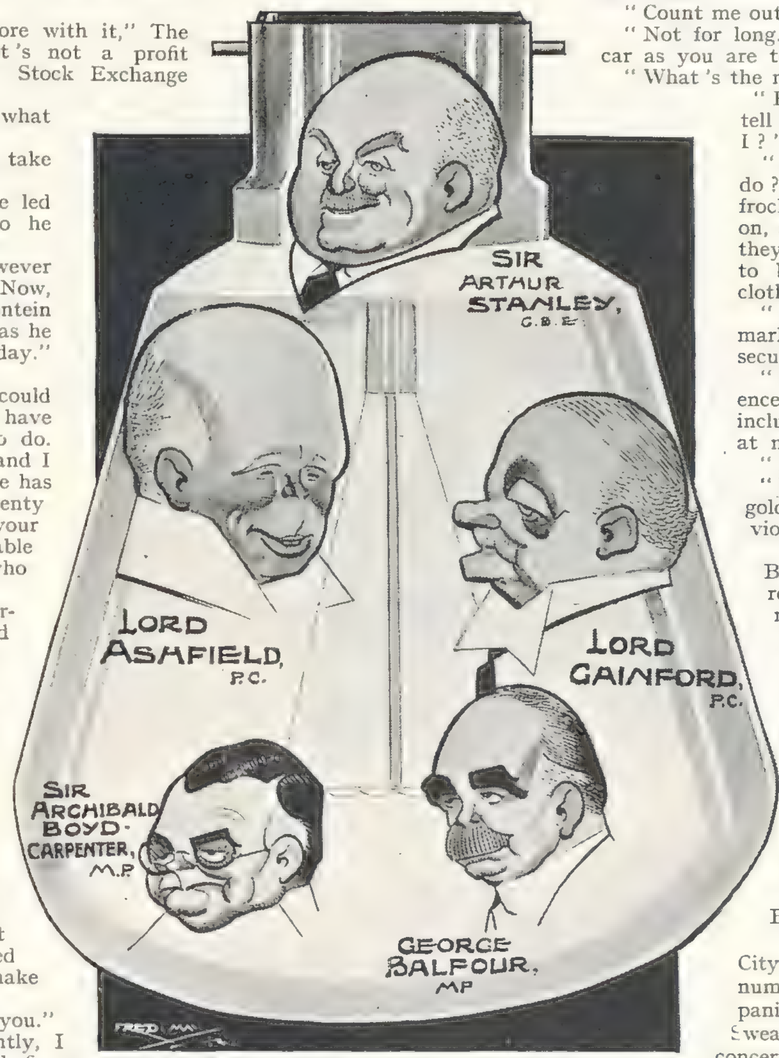
"But——"

"We should be asked to send in our photographs for publication. They would be artistically arranged on this page. And whose would be in the middle?"

The Broker banged him heartily on the head.

"Oh, I thought he meant the Editor of *The Sketch*," said The Engineer, in a tone of some relief.

Friday, April 27, 1934.



Fred May has decorated an electric bulb with portraits of the HIGH LIGHTS that shine in ELECTRIC POWER AND LIGHTING.—The Hon. Sir Arthur Stanley, G.B.E., C.B., M.V.O., is a director of the Midland Electric Corporation for Power Distribution.—Lord Ashfield, P.C., is Chairman and Managing Director of the North Metropolitan Electric Power Supply Company.—Lord Gainford, P.C., is a director of the County of London Electric Supply Company.—Major Sir Archibald B. Boyd-Carpenter, M.P., is a director of the Jerusalem Electric and Public Service Corporation.—Mr. George Balfour, J.P., M.P., is associated with a great many electric light and power companies; chiefly the Scottish Power Company (Chairman) and the London Power Company (Director).

MOTOR DICTA

By H. E. SYMONS.

SCAPEGOATS.

An attractive young woman, with supreme disregard for her own life and my own, and those of any innocent pedestrians on the curb close by, took a good look at my approaching car in Richmond the other day and pedalled lustily in front of my radiator. Fortunately for her, the roads were dry and my Armstrong-Siddeley has excellent brakes. Had conditions been otherwise, I would have had the choice of knocking her down or of colliding with something or somebody else in my efforts to avoid her. I was not doing more than 20 m.p.h. at the time, but it remains a mystery to me as to why the young woman, who had been standing with one foot on the ground as I approached, should suddenly take it into her head to dive in front of me. A policeman standing on the corner merely smiled. I smiled back. But the incident permitted the thought that it is just as reasonable to ask cycles to carry identification numbers as motor-cycles or cars. After all, the careless action of a cyclist may be the cause of a car crashing and killing or maiming its occupants, yet the cause of all the trouble may pedal briskly away, leaving any witnesses without the slightest idea as to who the cyclist was. If a motorist or motor-cyclist does something he should not, a large number, front and back, gives all and sundry a chance of identifying them; but one cycle is very much like another. It provides a noiseless, rapid transport for evil-doers as well as respectable citizens, and should surely, therefore, be just as much under control as mechanically propelled vehicles.

Miss Nancy O'Neil is here posed with one of the new BARKER FOURSOME COUPÉ BENTLEY cars, supplied by BARKER and CO. (the famous coach-builders), of 66-69, South Audley Street, W.1. The car is cellulosed red, with upholstery in red leather.

This, of course, brings us to the old question of whether cycles should be taxed. When I was a boy I lived in Belgium, and every year, and in company with everybody else who used a push-bike, I had to go to the Police Station and pay five francs (five good shillings in those days) for a numbered plaque of a distinctive shape and colour each year, which showed, as the round licence-card does to-day, if I had paid the tax, while it also gave the number of the machine, so that I could be identified if I caused or met with an accident.

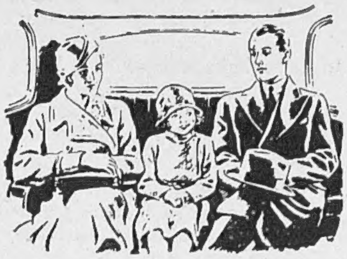
I forget how many bicycles there are in Great Britain. Something well over a million, I believe. Three shillings a year, or 3d. a month, would not hurt the owners of these machines, and would be a decided help in balancing the Budget or augmenting the Road Fund. The argument that the cycle is the poor man's transport, and that he therefore should not be taxed at all, is futile. Surely people who can afford to pay for dog and wireless licences could manage to pay a small tax on their cycles. Incidentally, as far as capital outlay is concerned, it is difficult to get even quite an old cycle in good order for less than a pound, while second-hand cars which are in good condition may be bought for less than the cost of a motor-cycle of equal age. A friend of mine bought quite a good Morris Cowley for 17s. 6d., and in this morning's newspaper I read of a couple of cars being knocked down at five shillings each at a sale not far from London.

The motor industry honoured LORD NUFFIELD (Sir William Morris, Bt.) by presenting him with an illuminated book containing an Appreciation and the signatures of all the leading personalities of the motor industry. It was presented by Mr. Leslie Walton, President of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, to Lord Nuffield on the occasion of a dinner given in his honour at Claridge's.

The purchaser even of a 5s. motor-car has still got to pay insurance, which may let him in for a minimum of £4 or so, and he has a tax just now of £1 per horse-power, which after Jan. 1 (thanks to Mr. Chamberlain) will be 15s. per horse-power. Then he has petrol and other incidentals to pay for. The cyclist, having once acquired a machine, is put to no further expense, and is therefore in a far better position to pay a small tax upon his machine than is the unfortunate motorist.

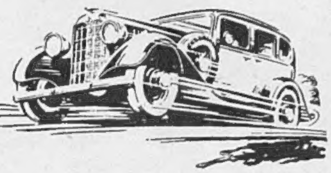
The motorist is presumably made the scapegoat on every possible occasion because cars are the latest form of transport, with the exception of aeroplanes. The latter, however, are not yet sufficiently numerous to cause a real nuisance, but I feel fairly safe in prophesying that, when aerial traffic becomes really intense, the motorist will cease to be harassed. After all, when the "safety bicycle" was introduced, prior to the motoring era, cyclists were persecuted. Angry old gentlemen used to hurl their walking-sticks through the spokes of speeding cyclists, while mischievous schoolboys took delight in flinging their caps into the front wheels of machines as they went by. The village police sprang out with accusations of furious riding, and it was this persecution of cyclists which gave them such a fellow feeling when similar tactics were adopted towards motorists in the pioneer days. Thirty years ago motorists and cyclists were a band of brothers, but now, alas! a regrettable unfriendly feeling seems to have been fostered between all cyclists and road-users with almost identical interests and requirements. After all, we both want good, smooth roads, safe crossings, and all the benefits of well-planned traffic control. The cyclist, however, is allowed more freedom than the motorist, as you can see for yourself!

The car posed on the fine old bridge at Chiddingstone Mill, in the Kentish hopfields, is a CROSSLEY "TORQUAY" model, one of those which are proving a big success this year.



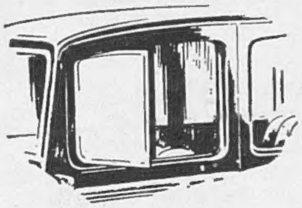
ROOMINESS

A luxurious four-seater saloon with space for a fifth if needs be. Deep form-fitting seats with real leather upholstery. Leg room to suit a "six-footer," with lots of head and elbow room. Adjustable front seats. Sensibly wide doors.



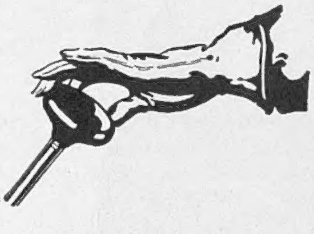
PERFORMANCE

Exhilarating acceleration that is remarkably smooth and quiet. From walking pace to 50 m.p.h. in just over 20 seconds. Fine turn of speed, the 14 h.p. model 65-70 m.p.h., the 12 h.p. model 60-65 m.p.h.



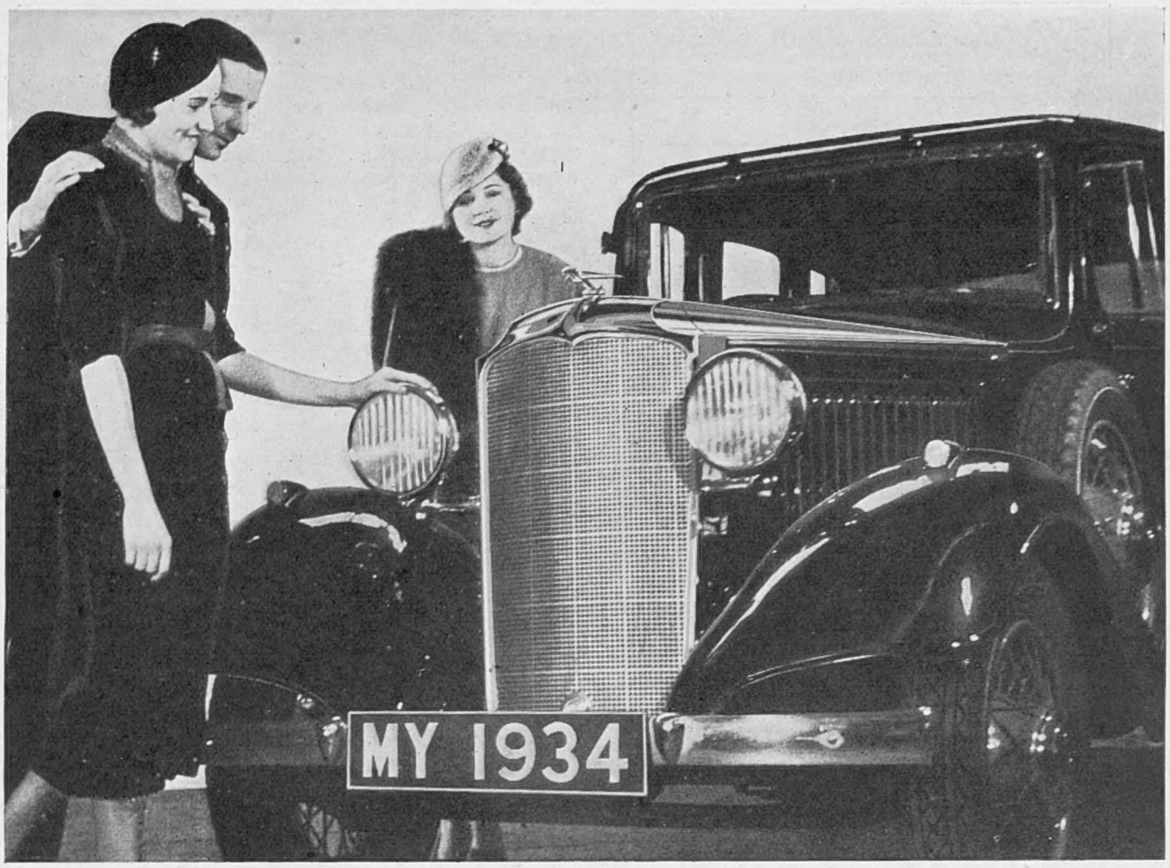
NO-DRAUGHT VENTILATION

Vauxhall's new boon to motoring comfort gives fresh air without draughts. As much or as little fresh air as each individual wants without draughts to other passengers. No more stuffiness and tobacco fumes.



EASY GEAR CHANGE

You can make a faultless gear change every time with Vauxhall Super Synchro-Mesh. No double-declutching—no feeling for gears—nothing new to learn, just some of the old, tedious things to forget. 4-speed gearbox. Silent third gear.



WHAT'S IN A NAME?

In the world of commerce certain names stand out—standards by which we gauge all similar business undertakings. Perhaps a famous Bond Street jeweller, an Oxford Street draper, a tailor in Savile Row. And, of course, among car manufacturers, there's Vauxhall Motors.

For the last thirty years the name Vauxhall has stood for all that is best in British motoring. The "Prince Henry"; the "Rouge et Noir"; that prince of record-breakers, the famous "30/98"—these and many other Vauxhalls have built for the firm a world-renowned reputation.

Now the engineering experience of these years is put into the design of the Vauxhall Light Six. It is absolutely up-to-date in design and, at the same time, true to the spirit of an old tradition. And it is unmistakably a thoroughbred. On the radiator the name VAUXHALL, like some famous signature, marks out the car as a thing of worth, a desirable possession. Ask your local Vauxhall dealer for a trial run or write direct to Vauxhall Motors, Ltd., Edgware Road, The Hyde, N.W.9.

VAUXHALL

LIGHT SIX—12 h.p. and 14 h.p.

STANDARD SALOON (12 h.p. model only) £195 *Sliding Roof £5 extra.*
DE LUXE SALOON (12 h.p. or 14 h.p.) *with Vauxhall No-Draught Ventilation and eleven other refinements* **£215.**

The 12 h.p. model for true Vauxhall performance at lowest operating costs.
The 14 h.p. model for the maximum acceleration and an extra turn of speed.

VAUXHALL BIG SIX—Light Six value on a larger scale. 20 h.p. Saloon with Vauxhall No-Draught Ventilation, £325. 7-seater Limousine, £550.

The Sketch **CROSS-WORD COUPON.**

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

____

(See Page 226.) 2/5/34.

BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DLII.

RISKS NOT WORTH TAKING.

THERE is a combination between dummy's and player's hands which is on all-fours with the ordinary ace, queen or king, knave finesse position, but which players fail to recognise, and handle in the same way as the common finesse should be tackled. One outstanding sign of good play is to dodge a finesse, and so turn an even chance of success into a card certainty. This is done by forcing the lead up to the ace, queen or up to king, knave: as often as not, or nearly so, this is a simple manœuvre, yet in the majority of cases the finesse is gone for bald-headed, and when it fails it is considered a matter of bad luck.

The situation I am now referring to is the simplest of all to manage: the bidding or the original lead, sometimes both, makes it obvious how to play. You find ace in dummy's and queen in your own hand. It is necessary to make two tricks sure—

(1)
Spades—A, x, x. Clubs—K, x, x.
Hearts—Q, Kn, x. Diamonds—Q, x, x, x.
B
Y———————Z
A
Spades—Q, x, x. Clubs—A, Q, x.
Hearts—A, K, x, x, x. Diamonds—x, x.

The contract is four hearts. Z has bid spades, and Y leads one. A must make two spades, five hearts, and three clubs for game. He plays ace of spades in dummy, clears trumps, then leads a spade from the table. The faulty play is to let trick one ride up to A's hand. Z wins with the king, cashes in ace, king of diamonds, and then returns a spade, which Y may ruff. This play takes a risk by which there is nothing to gain, but a lot to lose. Avoid it. But see (2)—

(2)
Spades—A, x, x, x. Clubs—K, x, x.
Hearts—Q, Kn, x. Diamonds—Q, x, x.
B
Y———————Z
A
Spades—Q, x. Clubs—A, Q, x, x.
Hearts—A, K, x, x, x. Diamonds—x, x.

Same contract, bidding, and lead, and the same number of spades between A B, so the same possibility of the suit being ruffed by Y. But this time A must allow the lead to come up, that being the only chance of making the two necessary spade tricks. The risk is a good one—a lot to win and but a little to lose.

Here is a position of a similar kind—

(1)
Spades—A, Q, x, x. Clubs—K, x, x.
Hearts—Q, Kn, x. Diamonds—Q, x, x.
B
Y———————Z
A
Spades—Kn, x, x. Clubs—A, Q, x.
Hearts—A, K, x, x, x. Diamonds—x, x.

The contract is four hearts. Y leads a spade. No matter whether Z has bid spades or not, the ace should be put up at once, trumps cleared, and the second spade trick established. It is foolish to risk game on the chance of making one extra trick. But see (2)—

(2)
Spades—A, Q, x, x, x. Clubs—K, x, x.
Hearts—Q, Kn, x. Diamonds—x, x.
B
Y———————Z
A
Spades—Kn. Clubs—A, Q, x.
Hearts—A, K, x, x, x. Diamonds—x, x, x, x.

Here, even if Z has bid spades, dummy must play small to a spade lead. The risk now is a good one. Two spade tricks are necessary for game, and the play establishes them. The adverse ruff must be chanced.

In both of the (2) hands there obviously is an alternative attack—the immediate ace play in dummy, and then, in one case, the chance of an even break in clubs, while in the other the double ruff in hearts and diamonds might be tried. The play suggested offers the better card chance in both cases. It is, however, the play at trick one of the other hands that is worth noting. Innumerable games are lost by running the unnecessary risk of passing the first lead up to player, and the result is blamed on "bad luck"! Many things at bridge are attributed to "bad luck," but, as a fact, luck plays only a small part at the game. "Bad luck," more often than not, is a convenient substitute in terms for "idiosyncrasy" in systems and conventions—and perhaps for a lack of card common-sense in the player of the hand!

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, APRIL 25.

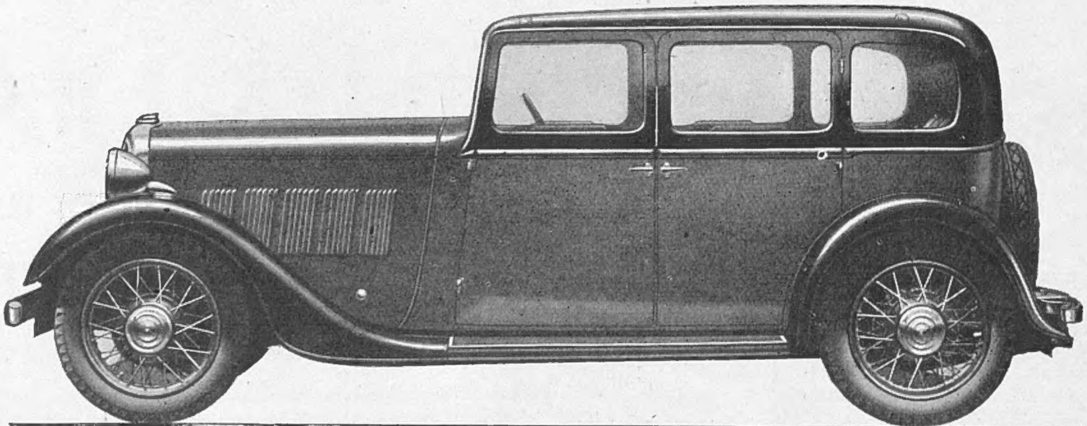
Across.—1. Shorts. 5. Shrub. 8. Tiffany. 9. Eyelid. 11. Cruet. 12. Overplus. 13. Resume. 14. Shrieks. 15. Indolent. 18. Disguise. 21. Earless. 25. Upland. 27. Nutshell. 28. Nitre. 29. Serene. 30. Spooner. 31. Synod. 32. Simper.

Down.—1. Sirrah. 2. Offering. 3. Rattle. 4. Synopsis. 5. Severed. 6. Reaps. 7. Bitumen. 8. Ticks. 10. Desert. 16. Needless. 17. Lollipop. 18. Daunts. 19. Imputes. 20. Indexed. 22. Ransom. 23. Sorter. 24. Swear. 26. Ashen.

Mr. A. T. Goldie, 4, Moreton Road, Oxford, was the sender of the correct solution of the Cross-word Puzzle published in our issue of April 18 to be first opened on Monday morning, April 23. A cheque for £2 has been forwarded to him.

ROVER

ROVER'S successes in open competition this season are no chance rewards. They are the results of advanced specifications—underslung chassis with long wheelbase, O.H.V. engines on silent mountings, controlled free-wheel, clutchless gearchange, superlative brakes, hand built coachwork and luxurious finish and equipment.... But it is a rigid standard of quality at every point which has made success certain. And where cups and medals fail to impress, the opinion of any Rover owner will convince.

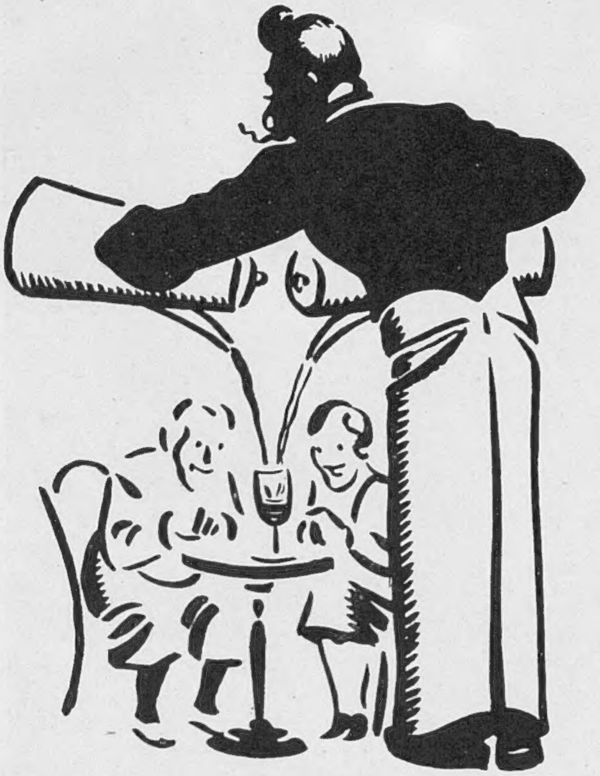


THE ROVER CO. LTD
COVENTRY
London Service Station:
Seagrave Road, Fulham
London Distributors:
Henlys Ltd., Henly House
Euston Road - N.W.1

ROVER TEN SALOON £238

CVS—97

CONTINENTAL HOLIDAYS *are so different!*



Something different to see, something different to hear, something different to do . . . . all the time. Such a complete change . . . . gets you out of yourself. Switzerland or Italy for instance! Mountains, forests, lakes . . . . climbing (or riding if you prefer it), boating, music and dancing to taste . . . . something to remember for months and years. Continental Holidays are so different.

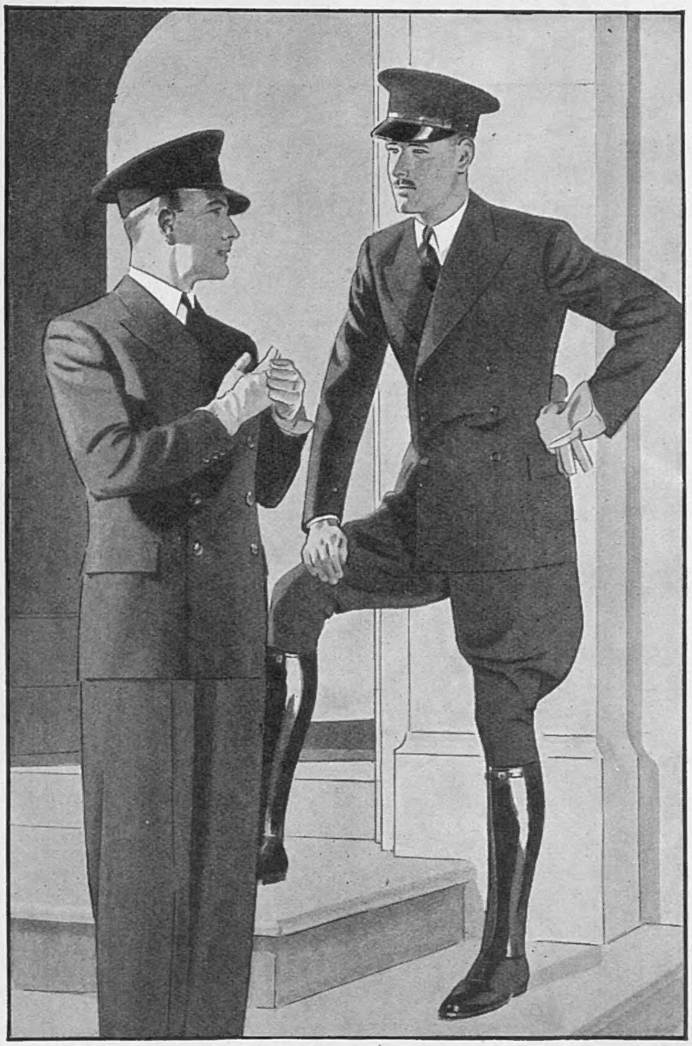
To the Continent this year—decidedly.

15 CONTINENTAL ROUTES

DOVER - - - CALAIS	HARWICH - - HOOK
DOVER - - - OSTEND	HARWICH - FLUSHING
FOLKESTONE - BOULOGNE	HARWICH - ANTWERP
FOLKESTONE - DUNKERQUE	HARWICH - ZEEBRUGGE
NEWHAVEN - - DIEPPE	HARWICH - - ESBJERG
SOUTHAMPTON - HAVRE	GRIMSBY - HAMBURG
SOUTHAMPTON - ST. MALO	HULL - - ROTTERDAM
GRAVESEND - ROTTERDAM	

For all information apply Continental Departments, VICTORIA STATION, S.W.1 (for SOUTHERN Routes), or LIVERPOOL STREET STATION, E.C.2 (for HARWICH Routes), or any Station, Office or Agency of the Great Western; London & North Eastern; London, Midland & Scottish or Southern Railways.

GWR LNER LMS SR



CHAUFFEURS' LIVERIES

At Moss Bros. you can obtain, at a minimum of expense, smart Liveries in hard-wearing materials and all accessories ready for immediate wear.

WELL-TAILORED SUITS
4½ gns.
Also at 5½ gns.

MOSS BROS &Co LTD
COVENT GARDEN
(CORNER OF KING ST. & BEFORD ST.), W.C.2.
'Phone: Temple Bar 3341 (6 lines). Telegrams: "Parsee, Rand, London."

Illustrated Catalogue sent on request.

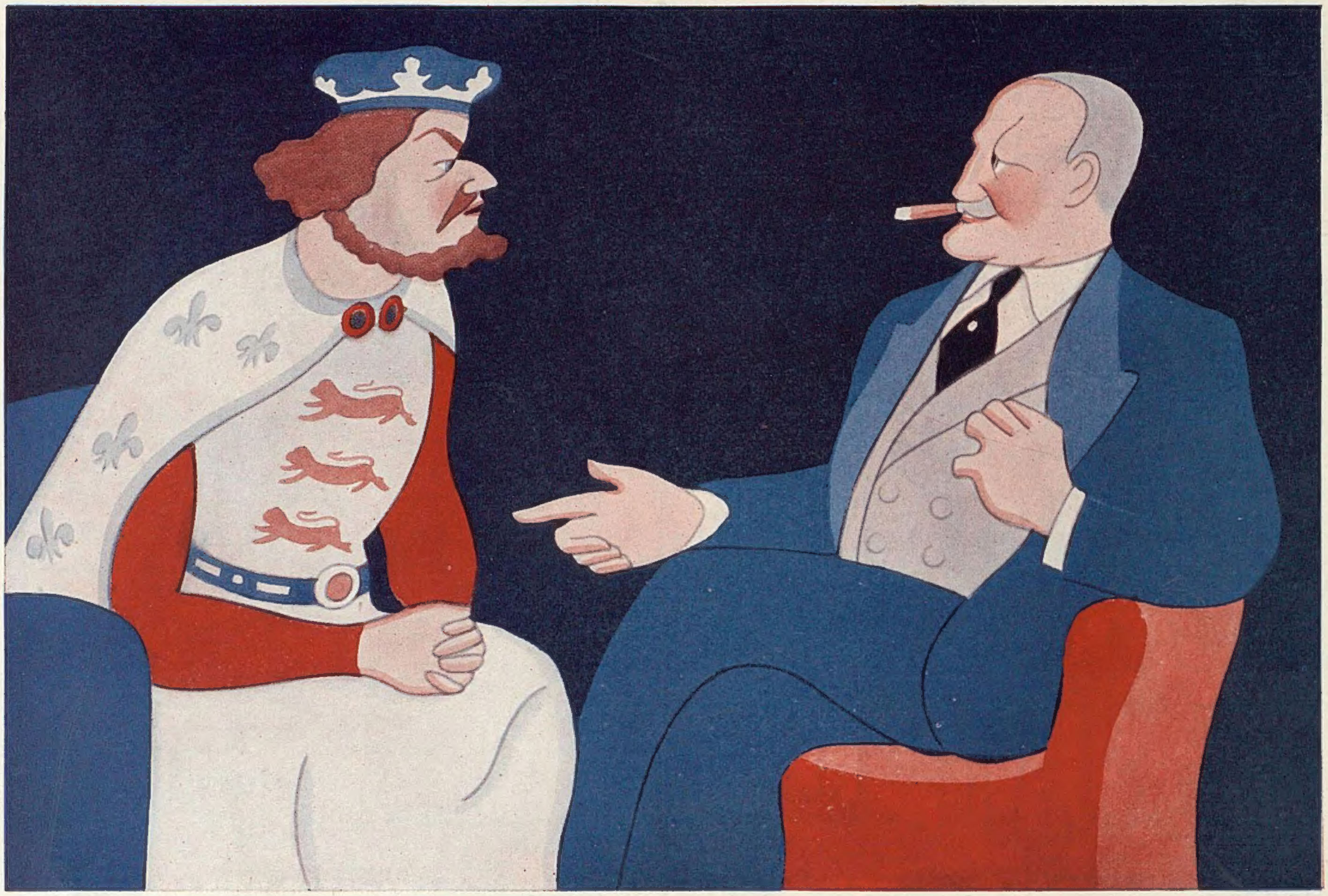
A.J.O.

TO HIS LATE MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII

Carpets Cleaned

The Compressed Air Carpet-Cleaning and Beating Co., Ltd.,
GLENTHORNE ROAD, HAMMERSMITH, W.6.
'Phone: RIVERSIDE 3364-5.
Carpets taken up and relaid. Advice and Estimates FREE.

'Duggie' makes history . . .



King John the Bad becomes *King John the Enthusiastic*

King John: "I'm in the deuce of a fix. You remember the Runnymede Stakes at Windsor? Well, I backed my horse ROYAL COMMAND heavily, against the strongly fancied MAGNA CARTA. The confounded favourite made all the running."

Duggie: "And since then you have had to do some running?"

King John: "Exactly. Now I must have a final fling at the next meeting. I would like to have put my shirt on it, but unfortunately I lost it in the Wash."

Duggie: "I heard you had lost a packet. Now, why don't you open a credit account with me?"

King John: "I shall be delighted. But frankly, I haven't a sou, and supposing I have to flee the country?"

Duggie: "Never mind. I will accept your instructions right up to the off. Now where shall I send your winnings?"

King John: "I have no idea where I shall be."

Duggie: "In that case you had better have it now. How much do you hope to win?"

King John: "About £10,000."

Duggie: "Well, here is my cheque for that amount."

King John: "My dear Duggie. I have never felt so enthusiastic in my life."

Even historians can be carried away by their enthusiasm! But there remains the historical *fact* that the House of Stuart was founded nearly half-a-century ago, and has now over ten thousand satisfied clients.

Write to-day and open a credit account.

DOUGLAS STUART · STUART HOUSE · LONDON · W.C.2